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THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT
FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER X.

CLARICE CHEENEY.

In a magnificent reception room of Portland Place sat the Earl of Oakburn and Lady Jane Chesney. The London season was at its height, for it was yet but the beginning of June, and they had engaged the house, furnished, for three months. There was not a poorer peer on the British list than the Earl of Oakburn; a very few thousand pounds per annum comprised his revenues: nevertheless, to the straitened half-pay captain, and to the care-worn Jane, nearly tired out with her household contrivings and economies, the few thousands looked like incalculable riches. The late Earl of Oakburn had a large private income, which did not revert to the present peer; still he had been deemed, and he was, an exceedingly poor man for his station. Chesney Oaks had come to Lord Oakburn, but he knew that he should not be able to live in it, for to keep up an establishment suitable to it, would be beyond his means.

Jane was attired in mourning, a handsome black dress of a thin, gauzy texture, ample and flowing. She looked quiet and unpretending as ever, but there was a look of rest about her face now, which seemed to say that her heart was at peace. All the longing visions of Jane Chesney seemed to be more than realized: they had pointed to her father, not to herself, and he was placed at ease for the remainder of his days—what else then could she wish for? Into society Jane determined to go very little: to be her father's constant associate, save when he was at his club, or at the House, was her aim: formerly, household duties and Lucy's education, called her perpetually from his side: it should not be so now. Nothing, no attractions of society or pleasure, should call away Jane Chesney: she would be her dear father's companion from henceforth, rendering his hours pleasant to him, taking care that his home was so well-ordered that nothing should be wanting to make him comfortable. Jane Chesney, as mistress of her own time, so that she might dedicate it to him, seemed to have realized her Utopia.

"Papa," she began, as she knitted rapidly at some wrist-mittens, for the old sailor never wore any mittens—or, as he called them, maftees—or any stockings but were knitted by him. "Do you talk of her before me again, Jane? You have made her own bed, and she must lie upon it. I had rather she had come in the way: she won't eat humble-pie, and be one to come to, first."

Clarice was always self-willed, like—"Like who?" cried the Earl, angrily, believing Lady Jane alluded to himself, for she had made a dead stop.

"I meant like Laura, papa, but I did not like to mention her name before you."

Lady Jane had cause. The name excited the Earl much. He rose and paced the room, quarter-deck fashion, and left off a little of his mind in quarter-deck language.

"Don't you talk of her before me again, Jane. She has made her own bed, and she must lie upon it. I had rather she had come in the way: she won't eat humble-pie, and be one to come to, first."

"Not exactly, but the few letters I wrote to her were addressed, by her directions, to a library in the neighborhood of Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, and Clarice used to fetch them. She did not tell me where she lived, except that it was close by. I shall go to the library, and no doubt obtain the information I want."

"How long is it since you heard from Clarice?"

"Oh, papa, it is a long while—turned five months. I have written three letters, and have had no answer."

"I will take them away with me," said Lady Jane.

The librarian hesitated.

"You will pardon me, if I inquire by what authority, Miss Beauchamp may call for them yet."

Lady Jane smiled.

"They were written by me," she replied, tearing open one of the letters, and showing him the signature. "And," she added, taking out her card-case and handing him a card, "that will prove that I am Jane Chesney."

He bowed low: Lady Jane was at liberty to do what she pleased with the letters.

"Upon second thought, I will have the last one," she observed, "and write upon it our present address: for, as you say, Miss Beauchamp may call yet."

The man flew off as if he had been shot; the servants had become accustomed to the explosions of the Earl, who, with all his hot temper, was a generous master.

"I thought it would have been best to go quietly, papa, under the circumstances, without the parade of the servants and carriage," spoke Lady Jane.

"What do you mean by 'under the circumstances'?"

Jane dropped her voice.

"As Clarice has lowered herself to the office of governess, would it not be well that she should leave as such?"

"No," said the Earl. "She shall come away as Lady Clarice Chesney."

"There is one thing to be considered, papa: she may not be able to leave at minute's warning; not without giving proper notice—perhaps a week, or a month."

The Earl brought his stick down tremulously.

"Not leave! let them dare to keep her. Tell them who she is—and that I demand her."

"Dearest papa," Jane ventured to remonstrate, "as Clarice has undertaken these duties, she must perform them. Courtesy is as much due to her employers as it is to us. I will bring her away if I can, and, if not, the time for her coming shall be fixed."

The Earl growled an answer, and Jane left the room. She put on her shawl and bonnet, and then entered the study. A tall lady, of seven or eight and twenty, elegant in form, but plain in features, with handsome, dark eyes, and a profusion of dark braided hair, sat at a table with Lucy. It was Miss Lethwait, the governess.

Lady Jane knitted for some time in silence: it was an employment she pursued only at these quiet morning hours. The Earl read the "Times," in which was a short speech of his own, for he had got on his legs the previous night, and given the House of Lords a little of his mind, in his own hot fashion. A question had arisen, touching the liberties of seamen in vessels, and the Earl had told the assemblage, the Lord Chancellor included, that they were

all wrong together, and knew no more about it than a set of ignorant land lubbers.

Presently the Earl looked up from his paper, and spoke abruptly:

"How much longer do you intend to be, before you see after Clarice?"

Lady Jane dropped her knitting, and the flush of emotion illuminated her face, tinging even her drooping eyelids.

"Papa, say I see after her? Will you allow it?"

"If you don't, I shall," returned the Earl.

"It is what I have been longing to do, papa," she exclaimed. "Every night and every morning, I have been wishing to ask you, but I could not summon up courage. May Clarice come home again?"

"Well, I don't know what you may desire—shape," said the Earl, "but my opinion is that it's scarcely the right thing for Lady Clarice to be flourishing abroad as a governess."

"It has been wrong all along, doubly wrong since the change has occurred to us," cried Lady Jane.

"I did mention her name to you, papa, since Lord Oakburn's death, and you made me hold my tongue, and let Clarice come to her senses."

The Earl gave a few exasperated rappings on the floor with his stick, which he had by no means forgotten the use of.

"Yes, but she doesn't come to them, my Lady Jane. Here are the weeks going on, and she never gives token that she has come to them, or is coming. You don't hear from her."

"No; and I think it very strange. She cannot fail to know that you are Earl of Oakburn: she would know it from the papers."

"Nothing so certain about that. But her pride stands in the way, Jane, her pride stands in the way: she won't eat humble-pie, and be one to come to, first."

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"I am going out, Lucy. Do you want me for anything?"

"No. But don't forget the Botanical Gardens, Jane. You know you have promised to take me."

"Lady Lucy says that you wish the hour for her walking changed," spoke up Miss Lethwait.

"I think it would be more agreeable both to you and to her," replied Jane. "Now that the weather is setting in hot, an earlier or a later hour, as may be convenient to you, would be better. Lady Lucy feels the heat much; she always did. And I think you must feel it too, Miss Lethwait."

"It has been hot the last few days. We will manage to arrange a different hour," answered the governess, and Lucy went down to the carriage.

She had no difficulty in finding the library she was in search of. She asked to see the proprietor, and he stepped forward. Jane had a difficulty in her way, however, and she knew it.

"Can you tell me," she inquired, "where a young lady resides of the name of Chesney? She is a governess in a family."

"Chesney—Chesney?" repeated the master.

"Some letters were occasionally addressed here for her; for Miss Chesney; and I believe she used to fetch them."

"That's sure to be the case," returned Mrs. Lorton, suppositionally: "your governess is sure to be of good birth, but obliged to go out, through misfortune. What does the one we've got now say, Harriet?"

"Oh, like Tony Lumpkin, mamma," laughed the young lady, "that her mother's a conjurer, and her aunt a justice of the peace."

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Lorton, with an expressive smile, "we should possess a large organ of credulity, if we listened to governesses."

Lady Jane rose; it would be preferable to wait in the street than in that room. But, at the moment she did so, the servant opened the door, and stepped forward respectfully.

"The Lady Jane Chesney's carriage."

She dropped a stately curtsy and retreated, vouchsafing no other halting. Mrs. Lorton was staggered; she believed her ears must have deceived her; she saw the carriage drive away with the lady inside it, and called out for her servant in alarm.

"Who did you say that was?"

"Lady Jane Chesney, madam. There was an earl's coronet on the carriage."

Mrs. Lorton fell back in an agony. Her whole life was spent in striving to get into "society" and she had, for once in her days, a real live earl's daughter in her drawing-room, and had insulted her!

"Mrs. West was a different woman, pleasant and chatty. The wife of a man engaged in city business, she did not aspire to be thought what she was not."

"Miss Beauchamp came to me from the Lortons," she said to Lady Jane. "We liked her very much, but when she had been with us about six months, she gave warning to leave. She remained a very little time with the Lortons, three months, I think; their vulgar son would persist in thrusting his admiration upon her; Miss Beauchamp would not put up with it, and left. Mrs. Lorton offered her a higher salary to stay, but she would not."

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rarely heard from the quiet Jane Cheaney. Miss Lethwait bowed her hand, and the earl spied deeper as she hastened to obey.

Jane was not one to make a scene. Her mind felt outraged by what she had witnessed; she felt that the very house was enraged, and she determined that it should never occur again. In her fond prejudice, she threw no blame to her father, it all descended on the head of the unlucky governess. Still, as we say, she was not one to make a scene; she said nothing till the next morning, and then she sent for Miss Lethwait.

She did not ask her to sit down, though she was sitting herself. Jane Cheaney could be haughty when she pleased; and in her condemnation of wrong doing, she now deemed the governess unfit to sit in her presence.

"Miss Lethwait," in a cold but civil tone, "I find it is no longer expedient that you should continue your residence here. It will not inconvenience you, I hope, to leave to-day."

Miss Lethwait gazed at her in consternation.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Jane. *Leave*, did you say? To day?"

"You will oblige me by so doing."

"May I ask the reason, Lady Jane, of this sudden dismissal?"

"I would prefer that you did not. Search your own conscience, and you will find it, but I will not speak of anything so derogatory. I did think you were a gentlewoman, Miss Lethwait. I am grieved that I was mistaken; and I exceedingly regret having placed you in charge of Lady Lucy Cheaney."

All that Miss Lethwait had within her of fiery blood, rose up to a bubble. Retorting words were upon her tongue; but she made an effort, and calmed them down. She began to ask herself how much of the previous evening's interview, Lady Jane had seen and heard.

"There is due to you a balance of six pounds," resumed Lady Jane, "and five pounds, in lieu of the customary month's warning, will make it eleven. I believe you will find that correct."

She laid a ten pound note and a sovereign on the table, and Miss Lethwait, after a minute's hesitation, took them up.

"I am sorry to have incurred your displeasure, Lady Jane," she said, "perhaps you will think better of me sometime."

"Never," returned Lady Jane, with more temper than she had hitherto shown. "Your duties here are finished, Miss Lethwait; I will attend to my sister's studies myself, to-day. Any assistance you may require in packing, I beg you will ring for."

She bowed her head, and the governess passed from her presence, her cheeks again wearing their scarlet tinge. Nothing but strong emotion could bring that scarlet to the pale face of Eliza Lethwait.

But she did not go to her room; no, she went straight to that of the earl. A small room it was, appropriated entirely to his private use. Lucy had styled it his smoking-room; but the earl would sit in it in a morning and write his letters.

"Lady Jane has dismissed me, Lord Oakburn."

She had spoken the moment she entered, before he had time to rise.

"What's that for?" he asked, raising his stick ominously.

"She did not say. I could not leave without telling you, Lord Oakburn, and—if you please—giving you my address. I shall go to my father's."

"I'll be shivered into timbers if you go out of the house in this way," stormed the earl. "My Lady Jane's a cool hand when she chooses, I know that, but you have a right to proper warning."

Miss Lethwait extended her palm and exhibited the money in it.

"Lady Jane has not forgotten to give me the warning's substitute," she said, with a proud, bitter smile.

"Then, bark ye, my dear. I am the house's master, and I'll let my lady know that I am. You shall not!"

"Stay, Lord Oakburn. I could not remain in the house in defiance of Lady Jane; you do not consider how impossible it would be for me in my subordinate capacity, to enter the lists of opposition against her. I shall be happier at home. Besides, I must have left your roof, before—before!"

"Before you re-enter it as my wife," interposed the earl. "Be it so; I don't know but you are right. And when you do enter it, you know, it will be your turn to cock pit it over my lady Jane. When shall you be ready?"

"Ready?" faltered Miss Lethwait.

"Ready for the splicing. In a week?"

"Oh, Lord Oakburn! Putting other and weightier considerations aside, I shall have my preparations to make, and they will take some weeks."

"Preparations for a wedding take some weeks?" repeated the earl, opening his eyes with astonishment. "Why, I could fit my sea-chest out for a three years' cruise in a day. What d'ye mean, Miss Lethwait?"

She did not dispute the outfitting point with him. She gave him her father's address, that of a country vicarage, and the Earl said he should pay her a visit there in a few days. By the afternoon, the governess had left the house, as governess, for ever.

The following month was a busy one. Lord Oakburn had taken one of the neighboring houses in Portland Place, and was occupied in furnishing it. Another governess had been engaged for Lucy, and Lady Jane had nearly forgotten the unpleasant episode she had witnessed the night of the party; had nearly, in fact, forgotten Miss Lethwait. For when that lady quitted the house, Jane resolved to put her out of her remembrance; and she no more dreamt of connecting Eliza Lethwait with certain occasional short absences of the earl in the country, than she dreamt of attributing them to visits to the Great Mogul.

Jane was in her element, choosing furniture and planning out arrangements in their new residence, all being done with one primary view—the comfort of her father. The best rooms were for him; she and Lucy could put up with anything; and the best things were placed in them. Jane thought how happy

they should be together, she and her father in their settled home. They did not intend to go out of London that year; why should they? they had but a few months entered it. One-ton? Fashion? The earl did not understand "custom," and fashion was as a foreign ship to him; while Lady Jane was above caring for either.

The earl did things like nobody else. He had spent the best part of his life at sea, and shore ideas and propensities still remained to him as a closed book. As the time of his marriage approached, Miss Lethwait hinted that a tour, long or short, inland or foreign, as might be convenient, was customary. The earl could not and would not understand it; what on earth was the matter with their own home, that they could not proceed thither at once? he demanded. Were there a brig convenient, they might enjoy a month's cruise in her, and he'd say something to it, or even a well-built yacht; but he hated land travelling, and was not going to encounter it.

Miss Lethwait thought of the horrors of seasickness, and declined the brig and the yacht.

The evenings were getting wintry, for O. had come in. Jane Cheaney had caused a fire to be lighted in her dressing room, not feeling well. She had not felt well all day, though she could not have described it as any particular ailment—"low spirit and out of sorts," she said to Miss Snow, Lucy's new governess. Coming events, especially of evil, cast their shadows before. The tea tray was taken up to her dressing room, and she sent a message to the drawing room that Lucy and Miss Snow were to join her there.

Miss Snow, a little, lively, warm-hearted woman, the very reverse of the dignified Miss Lethwait, asked leave to pour out the tea. She was full of trifling cares for Lady Jane; placed her feet on the wooden footstool, and then warmed some funnel and put over them. Lucy talked.

"When is papa coming back, Jane?"

"I thought he might have been here to-day. We never know till he comes. I supposed he might be intending to stay away longer than usual, as he took Pompey with him."

"Oh, and he has been gone but three days yet. Perhaps he is at Cheaney Oaks."

"No," said Jane. "He did not say where he was going, but I am sure it is not to Cheaney Oaks. They went by the North Railway, the King's cross station, as papa has done when he has gone away of late; had he been going to Cheaney Oaks, he would have taken the train at Paddington. Be so kind as to tell me the time, Miss Snow."

Miss Snow looked up to the French clock on the mantelpiece, which Jane, as she sat, could not see.

"It wants ten minutes to nine."

She had scarcely spoken when a loud knock and a ring resounded through the house.

"Can we be having visitors to-night?" exclaimed Jane, and Lucy ran out of the room.

"You will not go down to them," exclaimed Miss Snow, "you are not well enough. Lucy can make your excuses to them, or if you please, I will. Where is she, I wonder?"

Miss Snow opened the door, and caught Lucy in the dignified employment of stretching over the balustrade to see and hear. She commenced a torrent of scolding, ordering Lucy to come away. But Lucy did not heed.

"We did not expect you," replied Jane. "You got my letter. Wasn't it plain enough?"

"I have not received any letter."

"Not received a letter? By Jove! I'll prosecute the post-office, I will! Girls," with a flourish of the hand towards his wife, "here's your now mother, Lady Oakburn. You don't want a letter to welcome her."

It seemed that Jane, at any rate, wanted something, if not a letter. She turned her back on Lady Oakburn; she would have addressed her father, but though her quivering lips moved, no sound came from them. The countess advanced to her, and humbly, deprecatingly, put out her hand.

"Lady Jane, I beseech you, let me implore you, that there shall be peace between us. It has pleased Lord Oakburn to make me his wife, but indeed I have not come here to interfere with his daughter's privileges, or to cause dissension in their home. Try and like me, Lady Jane; let me learn to love you."

Jane looked at her; her white lips, (Jane's,) were drawn back in agitation, showing the set teeth; it was as much as she could do to avoid dashing away the offered hand with a blow. She clutched her fingers to keep them still, until the nails pierced the palms of her hands.

"Like you?" she hissed in her ear; "can we like a serpent which insinuates its deadly self round its victim? You have brought your arts to bear on my unsuspecting father, and torn him from his children. As you have dealt with us, Miss Lethwait, so may you be dealt with, in your turn."

The countess turned away in agitation, and laid her hand on Lucy.

"You, at any rate, will let me love you. I loved you when I was with you, Lucy, and I will endeavor to be to you a second mother." And Lucy burst into tears as she received her embrace.

The earl and his stick stalked off in the direction of his own sitting-room, calling out to his wife as he went—

"It's new lines to them yet, Eliza, to Jane especially. They haven't got their sea-legs on at present, but it will be all right in a day or two, or you shall ask them the reason why."

"You did not see as much of Miss Lethwait as I did," curiously returned Lady Jane.

A man servant came up, and knocked at the door. Jane bade him enter. His face wore a blank look.

"I beg pardon, my lady. The earl has arrived."

"Well?" said Jane.

"He ordered me to come up, my lady, and ask whether there was nobody to receive him, and—Lucy Oakburn."

"Lady, do you ask what?" demanded Jane, bending her haughty cylindrus on the man.

"My lady, what he said was this," cried the man, thinking he would give the words as they were given to him, and then perhaps he might escape anger. "The earl said, 'Go up and see where they are, and what's the reason that there's nobody about to receive Lady Oakburn.'"

"Is it my aunt, the dowager Lady Oakburn?" wondered Jane.

"It is, Miss Lethwait, my lady; that's to say, she as was Miss Lethwait when she lived here."

A ghastly hue overspread the face of Jane Cheaney, but still she did not take in the ominous fact that her father had actually married. Her mind was in a state of perplexity; what did it all mean? And the predominant feeling was resentment, bitter resentment against the ex-governess. Who was she, that she should dare thus to come and disturb the peace of their home?

The man retreated, and Jane Sung aside Miss Snow's careful wrappings, and rose to descend. On the stairs she met Judith—the latter having remained, after their change of fortune, as the young ladies' personal attendant, for Jane had taken a great liking to her. Judith looked paler than usual, and very grave.

"My lady, Pompey's nearly out of his mind with alarm; he says he'd rather run away back to Africa than that his fault should become known to the earl. My lord gave him a letter to post for you yesterday, and he forgot it, and has just found it in his pocket."

Jane stretched out her hand for the letter, and mechanically opened it. It was short and pitiful.

"Dear Jane,

"I married Miss Lethwait this morning, and we shall be home to-morrow; have things at home all ship-shape. You behaved ill to her when she was with us, and she felt it keenly, but you'll take care to steer clear of that quicksand for the future; for, remember, she's my wife now, and will be the mistress of my home, and you are but my daughter."

"Your affectionate father,

"OAKBURN."

Lady Jane crushed the letter in her hand, and let her head fall till she lay at full length on the hearth-rug, a convulsive sob that rose in her throat from time to time, alone betraying her anguish. If ever the iron entered into the soul of woman, it entered into that of Jane Cheaney.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"**HEAR! HEAR!!**
We have of course, with all the rest of the world, a very high opinion of Florence Nightingale. To be sure, we think her great fame is but another instance of that partiality which Destiny has always shown from the beginning of the world, in making one famous, and leaving another, equally if not more worthy, entirely obscure. Thus we all know that Adam and Eve had three sons, whose names are famous—Cain, Abel, and Seth—but of the other "sons and daughters" of the first parents—including the wives of Cain and Seth, from the latter of whom all enlightened nations now trace their line—we know absolutely nothing. And thus with Florence Nightingale: her euphonious name has rung from pole to pole; while of those heroic women who volunteered as nurses, and went to almost certain death at Norfolk, how few, even here in Philadelphia, remember a single name? And yet Florence Nightingale went to no infected field, no almost certain fate—but her name is surrounded with a halo of glory, and theirs with the blackness of utter forgetfulness.

We do not complain of this. Let Florence Nightingale wear her laurels—she deserves them. And as for the unnamed heroines of the plague-smitten city, who fell at the bedside they went to cheer, little will they heed, listening to the "Well done" of the Lord Jesus, that earthly voices join not in the acclamation of angels and of saints.

But this is too serious an introduction for the quotation we mean to make from a recent work of Florence Nightingale's, upon the subject of nursing. Nevertheless, "what is writ, is writ," and we let it stand.

Florence Nightingale pens, among other things worthy of consideration, the following, which we particularly commend to the consideration of our lady readers:

"It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female ink bottles are perpetually impressing upon us 'woman's' particular worth and general missionariness, to see that the dress of women is daily more and more uniting them for any 'mission' or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitness for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and less objectionable being in a sick-room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles; only a man can cross the door of a sick-room without shaking it. What is become of woman's light step—the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for!"

Ah, crinoline, how much hast thou to answer for! The poet has said of woman,

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

But, according to Florence Nightingale—a competent authority—it can be no longer.

Nowadays, "a man is a more handy and less

objectionable" angel, in a sick room, than a woman!

Oh, Eugenie! Eugenie! if our curved hand were a speaking trumpet, and our voice that of a stentor, we would shout into thy

magic mirror of the Lady of Shalott, "shadows of the world appear"—the world of which we all know too little and care too little. One is—multitudes of women driven to lives of shame by low wages, loss of dress and disgust at labor—three reciprocal calamities all working to the one end. It is a dark shadow, and it walks through all the civilized world. Another is—the public causing this evil, Duchesne and Dr. Sanger say, by excluding women from a number of employments for which they are fitted, and inadequately remunerating them for the work they do. Then arises the question of woman's capacity, and here comes trooping past the great host of capable and famous women whose names have been commemorated. There are the Chinese women who do the farm work, year out and year in, although "constitutionally disqualified for action;" there are the women in Calcutta who do the mason-work, and those of the Bombay Ghauts who tunnel out the mountains for the English railways; there are the West India negroes laboring in the fields, the German peasants tilling the soil, the English women working in the mines, the Carib wives managing the plantation, freighting the vessel with produce to Belize, and hiring their husbands to help them; the multitudes of women, in short, all over the world, who do the hardest manual labor. If anybody says that such is not fit work for women, anybody may answer, yes, but they are able to do it. Sometimes too they choose to do it. Sometimes the case is cited of thirty girls who last year in Ohio, went to work in the mines and earned \$100 a month, and made no more satisfactory progress than those envoys who were entirely ignorant of the language of the court.

Then again, as the English language evi-

dently is to be the great language of the world, the sooner all foreigners begin learning it the better for them. The Americans and English—Roman-like, as we believe—do not learn foreign languages easily. Providence probably having determined that their energy could be better expended in other and more important directions. As there seems thus to be a constitutional difficulty on their part, and as the Mountain cannot go to the Mountain,

THE BALL AT THE ACADEMY.—In our last week's paper we briefly called the attention of our city readers to this ball—and informed them that all the good-looking people were going. We may add this week, that every young lady especially, who is forced, owing to the want of courtesy of her gentlemen friends, to stay away—will be positively ill-looking, when she next meets them; though, of course, for that occasion only. But, seriously, judging by what is said of the arrangements for this ball, all upper-ton (hoop-)dom will be there—and ladies will float about (not *float* about, Mr. Type-setter) in perfect spheres of gauze, silk, and ectatic enjoyment.

THE REMOVAL OF THE STATE CAPITAL TO PHILADELPHIA.—We are pleased to see that this subject is being agitated at Harrisburg. We are decidedly in favor of the change proposed—not because we are citizens of Philadelphia, but because we believe the effect would be good upon the Legislature itself. Corruption hates the light—and Harrisburg is entirely too small and dark a place for a legislative body. We do not believe it would be half so easy in a great city like this, to play such pranks as Pennsylvania legislators of all parties are in the habit of doing. For this reason, we are in favor of removing the seat of government—and we have very little doubt that if the matter is once fairly understood by our legislators, they will vote down the proposition to leave Harrisburg by a tremendous majority. We have so much confidence in them!

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Schwartz, and from thence to Salzburg, and never let a man escape. There is Anna Gurney, the lovely cripple, who living on the English coast, bought, at her own expense, Manby's apparatus for saving the lives of seamen, and when a shipwreck occurred, was wheeled in her invalid's chair over the strand, directing the operations for the rescue and recovery of the half-drowned men. There are Charlotte Nesbit, Marianne Williams, Mary Byfield, Mary and Elizabeth Clint, the English wood engravers, and Angelica Kaufman, famous for her work on steel. There is Maria Mitchell the astronomer, Mrs. Somerville the scientist, Mrs. John Stuart Mill, the political economist, to whose memory her great husband dedicates his last volume, in language whose touching beauty has hardly a parallel in dedicatory literature. And there is Rosa Bonheur among the painters—the equal of Landseer; Felicien de la Fauveau, artist in bronze and jewels, the first in the world, and without a peer in history save Benvenuto Cellini; Properzia de Rossi, carver in wood, so eminent that Bologna and Modena wrangle to this day for the honor of her birth; Elizabeth Sirani, engraver, whose pictures from Guido connoisseurs call masterpieces; Mistress Dr. Heidenreich, of Darmstadt, when alive, "one of the first living authorities" in the science of midwifery, says the *London Atheneum*; a graduate of Gottingen, not by favor, but by merit, and a most eminent scholar in medicine. All these achievers with their achievements, and many more, lend force to Mrs. Dall's argument, which is addressed to men for women, and also to women for themselves. It is easy enough to differ with Mrs. Dall in many points she urges, as well as to object decidedly to some of her assertions and conclusions; but it is not easy to disagree with her general argument, or refuse the justice she asks in the name of the girls and glories of her sex. Sir Boyle Roche once inquired in the British Parliament, why we should do anything for posterity, since posterity had never done anything for us. We can hardly make a similar plea against assisting to advance the condition of women. We must rather think with another Irishman, Sheridan, who said that our own condition was improved with the improvement of woman's, and that therefore we ought to do everything in our power to make hers perfect.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

LIFE WITHOUT AND LIFE WITHIN; OR REVIEWS, NARRATIVES, ESSAYS AND POEMS. By MARGARET FULLER OSORIO. EDITED BY HER BROTHER, ARTHUR B. FULLER. Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston.

THE STORY OF OUR DARLING NELLIE. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH. By MRS. MACLEOD WYLIE. Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE LEISURE MOMENTS OF MISS MARTHA HAINES BUTT. A. M. E. D. Long, New York.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. January. Leonard, Scott & Co., New York. W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE HORTICULTURIST. Saxon, Barker & Co., New York. W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

TON BROWN AT OXFORD. By THOMAS HUGHES. Part 3. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—"I say," said a worthy friend to his friend, "do you know that Jones said you were not fit to clean his shoes?" "Did he?" was the reply, "I hope you defended me." "Yes; that I did!" "Well, how did you do it?" "Of course I said you were!"

If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear and hope will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs, will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate.—*Burke*.

SHIP MUSIC.—The strain of its timbers, *Vanity Fair*.

A COMMERCIAL PROBLEM.—If oranges can be purchased for a penny a piece, how much would a whole one cost?

FUNNY ILLUSTRATION.—A writer in Blackwood says:—"As the Russian prince danced all night, not because he was fond of dancing, or was in love with his partner in the dance, but because he wanted to perspire, prize essays are valuable, not because they are worth reading, or because their enormous distribution can do much good, but because they make their writers think and master their stores of knowledge."

It is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Should not a man laugh to hear any one of his species complaining that life is short?—*Spectator*.

A FASHIONABLE LADY DESCRIBED GEOMETRICALLY.—(Seen from behind.)—Conical, base equal to seven-tenths the axis—four voluted zones, equidistant on the planes of the sides—cone truncated one nodule from theoretical apex, with a warped surface placed diagonally upon the parabola of truncation, intersected by the quadrant of a sphere, and it again by irregular polygonal planes, of half the diameter of the sphere, sloping downwards in the angle of the co-sine of the longitude of the figure.—*Irish Paper*.

Every quality that goes to make a perfect woman, is required of her who presumes to undertake the education of one single little child.

That was a severe coughing fit," remarked a sexton to an undertaker, when they were taking a glass together. "Oh, 'tis nothing save a little ale which went down the wrong way," replied the undertaker. "Ah, ab, that just like you," said the sexton, "you always lay the coffin on the bier."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

CHRISTMAS TREES.—LA FÊTE DES ROIS.—A BRAN AMONG THE PROPHETS.—HORSES IN CLOVER.—WHAT EMPERORS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.—OBLIGING TO FRIENDS.—A CHINESE INVESTIGATION.—MOTHER AND SON.

PARIS, Jan. 12, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post.

The series of fêtes that mark the period of the year just over, has been terminated, as usual, by the Twelfth Night parties, at which the time-honored cake which figures on this occasion has been cut up with the usual amount of frolic and laughter.

The number of "Christmas trees" go up this year for the little people who so greatly affect this species of vegetation, has been unusually great. An entertainment has been got up especially for the juveniles in the Cirque Napoleon, which was crowded with delighted little faces. The Théâtre Serafin, intended for children, and in which all the actors are children, has also been rejoicing in overflowing audiences of little people; and the Empress, a few days since, had these young performers at the Tuilleries, where a large assemblage of children was collected. At the Prince Imperial, he is said to have been excessively delighted with the performance; laughing and clapping his hands with the greatest enthusiasm. As for Old Christmas Day, viz.: Twelfth Day, as it is called in England, and the King's Day, as it is called here, it has been celebrated in France since the earliest days of the monarchy. Twelfth Day cakes are mentioned in a charter of the year 1311, signed by the Bishop of Amiens. When the observance of this day was first introduced, every family made its own bread; but when bakers began to be employed, people went to them for their cakes also, until the pastry cooks, in 1717, claimed the exclusive privilege of making them, and obtained a decree from the Parliament, forbidding the bakers to mix eggs or butter in their dough. The custom of drawing a bean (or a ring, in England,) was observed at the table of the French kings. Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., who was very devout, despite her innumerable gallantries, always had portions of the cake cut for the Virgin and the Infant Jesus, and given to the poor.

"In 1649," writes Madame de Motteville, "the Queen, to amuse the King, ordered a cake, which she cut up herself, and honored my sister and me by giving us a slice. We made her Majesty Queen of the feast, because the bean fell to the portion of the cake that fell to the Virgin. The Queen ordered a bottle of hypocras to be brought, and we drank to her Majesty's health. When her Majesty raised the cup to her lips, we all cried, 'The Queen drinks!'" In 1654, Twelfth Night was celebrated with great splendor by Louis XIV. There were five tables: one for the princes and lords, and four for the ladies. A cake was cut up, and a King or Queen chosen at each. The King sent ambassadors to felicitate the new sovereigns on their accession, and to make treaties with them. Much wit was displayed in the speeches of the ambassadors, and the King was so much amused that he gave a similar fête the following week. Twelfth-Cakes were sometimes used for fortune-telling. On Twelfth Night, when Louis XV. and the last three kings, his grandsons, were present, the bean happened to be cut into three pieces, which has been considered as a prophetic announcement of the successive reigns of the three brothers. The upper part, first separated, presaged the tragic death of the young Duke de Berry, afterwards Louis XVI.; the lower being broken, was the symbol of the fall of the monarchy, in the reign of the last of the three, Charles X.

A few of those who have been celebrating Christmas with so much zeal and devotion, from one end of Europe to the other, seem to remember, amidst the too common feeling of ill-will with which the modern descendants of the Hebrews are regarded, that the Master they profess to follow, and his Mother, were truly Jews, as are the descendants of their fellow countrymen in our own day. Were this fact more clearly remembered, we should perhaps not have to chronicle an occurrence which has just taken place at Myslowitz, a frontier town of Prussian Poland. The heroine in this case was a Jewess, who, having become the mother of an illegitimate child by a Christian, had the boy circumcised, and resolved to bring him up in the Jewish faith. One day, the police came to the mother's house, intending to force her child from her, in order to bring it up in the Christian religion. A most exciting scene now ensued. The despairing mother, her infant in her arms, rushed from her dwelling, and fled out of the town, hotly pursued by the police, like a hare with the dogs behind her. On, on she sped, towards the Russian frontier, her pursuers constantly gaining upon her, until she reached the brink of the river that forms the boundary between the two countries. No bridge spanned the stream; no friendly boat pulled from the shore. The fate of the child seemed certain, for the police had all but laid their hands on the breathless mother. But no, her infant was not to be thus snatched from her. With the help of despair she plunged into the flood, and holding the child aloft with one hand, she, with the other, swam across the river, and reached the opposite bank, whither her pursuers dared not follow her. The iniquity of these cruel proceedings is enhanced by the fact that, as the Christian neither supported nor even recognized the child, he had clearly forfeited all paternal rights, and also by the injustice of the Prussian law, which, while it enacts that in all other cases of illegitimacy, the child is to be brought up in the religion of the mother, prescribes that, in the case of Jews, the child shall be brought up in the Christian religion, if either the father or the mother are Christians. Roused by the touching nature of the incident just narrated, a large number of Prussian congregations have petitioned the Government for a repeal of this unnatural and iniquitous law.

To return to Paris and its doings: the first of the regular winter series of Court Balls was given last night at the Tuilleries, and was a very splendid affair. In fact, the "Democratic Sovereign" now supreme in Europe,

other from individual taste for glitter, or because he believes in its dazzling effect on his fellow-creatures, keeps up a magnificence of state by which the old monarchs, with their system of rapacity and wastefulness, are quite thrown into the shade. Take for instance the department of vehicles and horses, in which the old Kings, though lavish more money on certain objects, were far from being so well supplied; and in fact, among the many series of apartments contained in the Louvre, as now finished by the energetic ruler who occupies the throne of this unstable country, the portion of the buildings devoted to the imperial stables are not the least curious or interesting. These buildings have the form of an oblong square, divided into two courts, called the Cour Coulaine and the Cour Visconti. The two sides run parallel to the river. In the left of the Cour Coulaine is the first stable, divided into fourteen stalls for saddle horses. Adjoining is a second stable, containing ten boxes, and a place for washing. The architecture and decoration correspond with that of the other parts of the building, the internal ornamentation being in the Italian style. Gas lamps are suspended from the roofs; and water is abundantly furnished by cocks. The interest attached to these stables is increased by the celebrity of their inmates. One of the horses is Buckingham, which the Emperor rode at Magenta; another is Ajax, which he rode at Solferino. Here are also Perseus, Hamilton, and Ploughboy, the Emperor's favorite hunters. Here also is the stall of Cunningham, the horse which the Emperor gave to the King of Sardinia, and which the latter returned to Louis Napoleon at the end of the war, saying that he "could find no more valuable present to make to his ally." The gallery into which the visitor enters after passing the washing place is about 300 feet long by 14 wide. It has a row of stalls on either side, and accommodates 82 horses. When lighted up at night the effect of this gallery is most striking. Among the horses to be seen here is the fine carriage one, Orpheus, who has survived the fourteen wounds it received before the Opera-House, in January, 1858, when its companion was killed. The ground-floor of the two other sides of the parallelogram is fitted up as coach-houses, harness-rooms, and other offices. In the coach-houses on the east side, in the Cour Visconti, are 12 ordinary state-carriages, and on the west side 50 of different kinds. Over these ground floors are apartments for the grooms, postmen, stable boys, and other persons connected with the department.

All the carriages are very handsome; but the most elegant is the grand state one, which is magnificent. The body is almost entirely composed of the finest plate-glass; it is lined with rich white satin, covered with gold bees, and the straps and cords are of gold lace. The border round the roof of the carriage is in bronze, finely chased and richly gilt, and forms ciphers and crowns mixed with laurel and oak leaves; a gilt eagle is at each corner. The wheels and every other part of the carriage are of equal magnificence, and in perfect keeping with the body. This carriage cost 90,000 francs. One still more magnificent than the above is at the palace of Trianon, the favorite retreat of Marie Antoinette, at the farther extremity of the Park of Versailles; this carriage was used by the Emperor at his marriage. It was used at the coronation of Charles X., and the repairing of it alone cost 300,000 francs. This splendid chariot is completely gilt in every part. On the panels of the doors are the arms of the dynasty, surmounted by the crown, and surrounded by the cordons of the Legion of Honor. The other panels are ornamented with symbolical figures; all the paintings were executed by Isabey. The total weight of this carriage exceeds 6,500 kilogrammes, or about 13 tons.

The Imperial stud is composed of from 300 to 320 horses—saddle, carriage, and post horses—distributed in five different establishments, viz.:—at the Louvre, the Tuilleries, the Rue Montaigne, Rue de Monceaux, and Saint Cloud. The active service is at the Louvre. At the Rue Montaigne are the saddle-horses of the Empress, and a number of carriage-horses. Saddle and carriage-horses are also kept in the Rue Morezeaux; and the infirmary is also established there. At Saint Cloud, horses for different purposes are always kept. The horses when turned out to grass, are sent to Meudon; and the breeding stud is at the Emperor's farm of Villeneuve l'Etang. The saddle-horses are all English: the post-horses all Norman; the carriage-horses are English and Norman.

The carriages, one hundred and eighty in number, are kept at the Louvre, the Tuilleries, and the Rue Montaigne. The State-carriages are at Trianon. The new stables on the Quai d'Orsay, facing the Pont d'Alma, will be capable of containing three hundred horses, and will receive those of the Empress, the Prince Imperial, and the reserve of His Majesty. The stables of the Louvre, were begun by Visconti, and finished by Lefuel. More than three hundred men are employed as coachmen, grooms, &c. The most perfect order, and strictly military system and precision prevail in every part, and the entire arrangement of this department of the Imperial affairs excites the admiration of every one competent to form an opinion on the subject.

The service of the Royal stables was always considered as of great importance under the old monarchies, and required much technical aptitude and knowledge. General Fleury, who is now at the head of this department, was selected on this account by the Emperor, one of whose most intimate friends he is. The gallant General, however, though he may be both a good judge of horses, and a good soldier, is certainly not an economical or trustworthy servant of his Imperial master. He is terribly given to play, and, moreover, plays deep, though generally unlucky in his pursuit of the fickle goddess who rules the destiny of gamblers. Not many months ago, as I learn from an officer of the Imperial household who was privy to the affair from beginning to end, the Emperor sent General Fleury to England to purchase horses to the amount of 100,000 francs, which the General took over with him in his pocket-book. Arrived in London, he could not resist the temptation afforded by the actual presence of this money,

played, and lost every cent of the amount. Unable to replace the sum, thus lost, the General at length decided to confide the story of his misdeeds to the Emperor, who thereupon sent him a second hundred thousand, desiring him to purchase the horses, and return to Paris at once. But the General's ruling passion, once more got the better of him; he staked this remittance at the gaming-table, as he had done the first, and lost the whole of it. Not daring to return to France without the horses he was sent to purchase, the General addressed himself to a well-known dealer, procured the animals, and had them immediately shipped for Paris, by way of Boulogne. The horse-dealer, who expected to be paid as soon as the animals were delivered, presented himself the following day at the General's lodgings, supposing he would receive, then and there, the amount due for them. Finding that the horses were already sent to Paris, and that the General was gone with them, the dealer instantly despatched, through the heads of the London police, a telegraphic message to the police-authorities of Boulogne, ordering the seizure of the horses as soon as they reached that port. This order was, of course, carried into effect; and the horses were stopped as soon as the boat touched land. The dealer followed the boat to the shore, and took possession of them on landing. Meantime, the Emperor, surprised at the non-arrival of the expected animals, interrogated the General—who had arrived in Paris—at the cause of this delay; when the unfaithful steward was obliged to confess the truth. The Emperor, who was probably already aware of the "weak side" of his First Aid du Camp, immediately transmitted a third amount of 100,000 francs to Boulogne; the energetic dealer was paid for his horses, and the animals were sent to Paris, where they arrived without any further adventure.

But this is not the only "piquant" story connected with the Imperial stables, told of the gallant General by those who know him, and confirmatory of the impression that their direction might possibly be confined to better hands. Some years since, the Emperor, then President of the late Republic, bought a pair of horses which he was much delighted with. Horses were cheaper then than they are now; and the sum of ten thousand which he paid for them was considered to be a good round sum, though they would fetch more to-day. A friend of mine, one of the best judges of horseflesh in France, says this pair was the most beautiful he has ever seen. General Fleury was even then high in Louis Napoleon's favor, and had already begun to busy himself about his horses. He was also very desirous just then of obliging Mlle. Rachel, who was always fond of getting beautiful things for a fraction of their value. The General consequently informed the President, not long after the purchase of these horses, that the animals were not sound; that they were ill-bred, and that it was impossible to get them to work well in harness, and that it would be better to have them put up at auction, and sold for what they would fetch. The President consented; the beautiful animals, a pair of "jewels" in all respects, were sold by auction, and Mlle. Rachel, previously informed by the General, of the matter, bought them for a tithe of their value. An ingenious method, used by the General, of obliterating the effects of that tremendous fall he suffered, was to have them shod with a pair of iron shoes, which he had specially made for them, and which he had had fitted to his horses before his fall entirely on electricity—the only food known in Jupiter! However, after having nearly perished from starvation, he discovered that whiskey and gin so nearly resembled electricity in their effects on his system that he had made shift to support nature by using a plentiful admixture of them with fish, flesh, and fowl, vegetables and tobacco.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The Superintendent of the workshops of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona has introduced an improvement in one of the locomotives of that road, which consumes the smoke. So that instead of the vast volume of smoke which the ordinary locomotive belches forth at every revolution, a little steam only is seen escaping from this invention, in consuming the smoke, a great saving of fuel is effected. It made the run from Altoona—a distance of 117 miles—upon 25 bushels of coal, maintaining a high rate of speed all the time, and evincing the possession of extraordinary power.

WILLIAM K. BURROS, the distinguished comedian, died in New York, on the 10th, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

The most astonishing Western hunter was Lord Gore, who remained nearly three years on the plains, and the plateau of the table lands between the Sierra Madre and the Sierra Nevada. His hunting consisted of thirty men, sixty horses, large baggage and provision trains, tons of ammunition, and \$10,000 worth of improved firearms.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF PENNSYLVANIA.—has passed an act fixing the standard weight of cloverleaf at sixty pounds, instead of sixty-four, which makes the weight correspond with the standard fixed in adjoining States. Some opposition was manifested; but Mr. Crane, who had the bill in charge, explained that it was demanded by the farmers as a protection against the sharp practice of New York traders, and in a brief speech he put it in such a favorable light that it had a large majority.

VISIT FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Toronto Globe has a long article expressing great satisfaction in anticipation of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada, next summer. The apparent, though a mere youth, will undoubtedly create a great sensation both in Canada and the United States, provided he brings himself in such a favorable light that it had a large majority.

USE OF MONEY IN ELECTIONS.—The Canadians are not much behind "the old country people" at home, in the lavish use of money in elections. Both Canada and Great Britain are afraid of the United States aspects this sort of thing. The Toronto correspondent of the Markham Economist says that Hon. W. Allen's election expenses were \$21,000, including \$15,000. The latter, he says, is nearly ruined.

THE CALIFORNIA GOLDEN EXPRESS.—The East Saginaw (Mich.) Courier says, a party of ladies and gentlemen visited Saginaw Bay for the purpose of seeing the Indians and other fish for trout. The ice on which the party were broke adrift from the rest, and was driven by the wind about fourteen miles, when they fortunately grounded on Squaw Point, and then reached the shore with their sledges and horses. Had the wind been in another direction, they would have drifted out into Lake Huron.

NEWS ITEMS.

HYPNOTISM FROM THE USE OF A MAD-CAFE.—The Milwaukee News says the members of a family residing near that city have lately exhibited unmistakable signs of hypnotism, caused by the use of milk from a cow which was bitten some time since by a mad dog.

A FIRE COLLOQUE.—The Trustees of Columbia College are to be considering the expediency of throwing it open, without restriction to the free admission of students from every part of the United States. Columbia College possesses means sufficiently ample to carry on this liberal project.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

It is suggested by Lieut. Morrison, R. N., that the discovery of so many planets, which have not heretofore been detected, in support of the theory held by some astronomers that these bodies are thrown off by the sun.

EXPEDITION RE-APPEARANCE OF THE COMET OF 1556.—Professor Leverrier, in one of his late astronomical lectures before the Lowell Institute, said that the great comet of 1556, which caused the abdication of Charles the Fifth of Spain, is confidently expected to reappear during the present year, and French astronomers are even now on the look out for it. If no error has been made in the revised calculations, it will probably be seen from the planet during the fall of 1860.

HABITUAL DRUNKENNESS.—It has been legally decided by Judge Baldwin, of Tompkins county, N. Y., on an indictment of selling liquor to a person "guilty of habitual drunkenness," that a man who gets drunk once a month is to be deemed guilty of habitual drunkenness.

SKATING AT BOSTON.—The Bostonians are enjoying a series of skating contests on the Park in that city. On the 4th inst., the match was for ladies, once round the course, or one-half mile, and was won by Mrs. George Farnham of Lowell; time 2:59; she receiving the first prize of a silver goblet, valued at \$25. The second prize was won by Miss

THE DUST IN A SUNBEAM.

You must frequently have watched the whirling cloud of dust in the sunbeam against a somewhat darkened room; and perhaps were a little staggered at this sudden revelation of the invisible air not being quite so pure as you had imagined. It is true that unless your housemaid is a woman of stern conscientiousness, the mortal enemy of spiders, implacable on the subject of cleanliness—(a housemaid, in short, who never advertises in the Times, but is a tradition of the days that are gone)—you must on more than one occasion have found a layer of dust collected on your books, portfolio, or table, dust piled up in the corner of the picture frame, dust covering your microscope case, dust gathering in the carvings of the pianoforte keys, dust on the looking-glasses, dust on the windows, dust everywhere. And this you know must have been transported by the atmosphere. But you are not astonished. The atmosphere is an energetic Pickford. It carries clouds of dust on every highway, and sweeps the sands over the fields and hedges. Nay, it is said to catch up quantities of frogs, and whirl them away to distant spots, where they fall like hailstones of a larger growth.—But you are not bound to believe this. Nor need you be more credulous of the showers of herrings which are also recorded. There is evidence enough of the transporting power of the air, without falling into exaggerations. By slow deposits from the air, the temples of Egypt, Greece and Rome are now to a great extent buried below the surface; and you have often to descend a flight of steps to get upon the ancient soil.

It is probable, however, that while you were perfectly familiar with the idea of the atmosphere carrying clouds of dust, on occasions, you never thought of the atmosphere being constantly loaded with dust, which is constantly being deposited, and constantly renewed.—This sunbeam has made the fact visible. It has lighted up the tiny cloud of dust, which we see to be restlessly whirling.

Suppose we examine this dust, and see of what it is composed? Restraine your surprise; the thing is perfectly feasible. The dust was invisible and unsuspected till the revealing sunbeam made us aware of its presence; and now the Microscope, which deals with the invisible, shall reveal its nature. For, in consequence of the untiring labors of hundreds of patient workers, we can now distinguish with unerring certainty, whether a tiny blood-stain is the blood of a man, a pig, a bird, a frog, or a fish; whether a single fragment of hair is the hair of a mole or of a mouse, of a rabbit or of a cat, of a Celt or of a Saxon; whether a minute fibre is of cotton, or linen, or silk; whether a particle of dust is of flint, chalk, or brick; and we do this with the same precision as if we were distinguishing one animal from another, or one substance from another. If the characters are not sufficiently marked to the eye, we call in the aid of chemical tests. Equipped thus with a knowledge of words, by which to distinguish the separate particles, let us place a layer of dust, large enough to cover the surface of a fourpenny piece, under the Microscope, and begin the examination.

The composition of this dust will always be of two kinds—inorganic and organic; that is to say, mineral particles, and the skeletons of animalcules, or the skeletons and seeds of plants. The mineral particles will, of course, depend on the nature of the soil, and position of the spot whence the dust was derived. It may be swept in from the gravel walks of a garden, from the highroad, or from the busy street. The grinding of vehicles, the wear of busy feet, the disintegration everywhere going on, keeps up a constant supply of dust. The smoke of chimney and factory, steamship and railway, blackens the air with coal-dust. If the rocky coast is not a great way off, we shall find abundance of particles of silica, with sharp angles, sometimes transparent, sometimes yellow, and sometimes black. And this silica will occasionally be in so fine a powdered condition that the granules will look like very minute eggs; for which indeed many microscopists have mistaken them. In this doubt, we have recourse to chemistry, and its tests assure us that we have silica, not eggs, before us. Besides the silica, we may see chalk in great abundance; and if near a factory, we shall certainly detect the grains of iron (rust), and not a little coal dust.

Our houses, our public buildings, and our pavements, are silently being worn away by the wind and weather, and the particles that are thus torn off are carried into the dust clouds of the air, to settle where the wind lists, and the housemaid neglects. The very rocks which buttress our island are subject to incessant waste and change. The waters wash and scrub them, the airs eat into them, the molluscs and worms, the insects into them, the molluscs and the polyps rasp away their substance; and by this silent but inevitable destruction, dust is furnished. Curious it is to trace the history of a single particle. Ages ago it was rock. The impatient waves wore away this particle, and dashed it among a heap of sand. The wind caught it in its sweeping arms, and flung it on a pleasant upland. The rain dragged it from the ground, and hurried it along water-courses to the river. The river bore it to the sea. From the sea water it was snatched by a mollusc, and used in the building of his shell. The mollusc was dredged and dissected; his shell flung aside, trampled on, powdered, and dispersed by the wind, which has brought this particle under our Microscope, serving us for a text on which to preach "sermons in stones."

Equally curious is the history of this tiny particle of silk thread. A silkworm feeding tranquilly under the burning sun of India converts some of its digested plant food into a cocoon of silk, in which it comfortably houses itself for a prolonged siesta. The silk is unwound, is carried to England or France, is there woven into a beautiful fabric, and after passing through many hands, enriching all, it forms part of the dress of some lovely woman, or the neck-tie of some gentlemanly scoundrel. But you die. Your widow has probably but an imperfect provision, and a very imperfect sympathy with Rollin & Co.; your books are sold by auction; the dust shaken from them, and is blown into the street—from the street into the gutter, or the river, and there

color, of which a similar history might be told; and perhaps, also, there will be the hair of a dog, or of a plant; a fibre of wood, or the scale of a human epidermis; the fragment of an insect's claw, or the shell of an animalcule. Very probably we shall find the spore of some plant which only awaits a proper resting-place, with the necessary damp, to develop into a plant. You must not expect to find all these things in one pinch of dust; but you may find them all, if you examine dust from various places.

There is one thing which will perhaps be found in every place, and in every pinch of dust, and you will not be a little surprised to learn what it is. It is starch. No object is more familiar to the microscopist than the grain of starch. It is sometimes oval, sometimes spherical, and varies in size. The addition of a little iodine gives it a blue color, which disappears under the influence of light. There seems to be no difference between the starch grains found in the dust of Egyptian tombs and Roman temples, and that found in the breakfast parlor of to-day. They both respond to chemical and physical tests in the same way.

But there is one curious fact which has been observed by M. Pouchet of Rouen, namely, that in examining the dust of many countries he has sometimes found the starch grains of a clear, blue color, and he asks whether this may not be due to the action of iodine in the air, traces of which M. Chatin says always exist in the air. The objection to this explanation is, that if iodine is always present in sufficient quantities to color starch, the grains of starch should often be colored, whereas no one but M. Pouchet has observed colored grains, and he but rarely.

M. Pouchet tells us that, amazed at the abundance of starch grains which he found in dust, he set about examining the dust of all ages and all kinds of localities—the monuments and buildings of great cities, the tombs of Egyptian monarchs, the palaces of the age of Pharaoh; nay, he even examined some dust which had penetrated the skulls of embalmed animals. In all these places starch was found. But a moment's reflection dispels the marvellousness of this fact. Starch must necessarily abound, because the wheat, barley, rice, potatoes, &c., which form everywhere the staple of man's food, are abundant in starch; the grains are rubbed off, and scattered by the winds in all directions.

So widely are these grains distributed that a careful examination of our clothes always detects them. Nay, they are constantly found on our hands, though unsuspected until their presence on the glass slide under the Microscope calls attention to them. It is only necessary to take a clean glass slide, and press a moistened finger gently on its surface, to bring several starch grains into view. Nay, this will be the case after repeated washing of the hands, but if you wash your hands in a concentrated solution of potash, no grains will then be found on the surface of the water; and although you may have ascertained that no plants or animalcules suffice to warrant the belief that millions of millions of germs may be constantly floating through the air, Ehrenberg computes the rate of possible increase of a single infusory, *Paramecium*, at two hundred and sixty-eight millions a month. And it is calculated that the plant named *Borista gigantea*, will produce four thousand million of cells in one hour. As the *several* plants are single cells, and as they multiply by spontaneous division, the rapidity with which they multiply is incalculable.

From all this you see how naturally the idea of universal diffusion of germs has become an accepted fact.

If it is a fact, we must feel not a little astonished at finding the dust we examine so very abundant in starch, coal, silica, chalk, rust, hair, scales, and even live animalcules, and so strangely deficient in this germ-dust!

The germs are said to be everywhere; millions upon millions must be diffused through the air, every inch of surface must be crowded with them. Do we find them? We

find occasionally pollen grains and seeds. But we find no animalcules eggs, and no animalcules suffice to warrant the belief that millions of millions of germs may be constantly floating through the air. Ehrenberg computes the rate of possible increase of a single infusory,

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OUR BABY.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Did you ever see our baby?
Little Tot;
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
Tell you what;
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling.
And to me,
All her little ways are witty;
When she sings her little patter—
Every word is just as pretty
As can be—
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so—you never saw her!
Wish you could.

See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a chattering—
Little dancing feet come patter—
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do—
If you could!

Every grandma's only darling.
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom
Is a treasure to her bosom,
Is as cheering and endearing
As my rose—
Heavenly Father, spare them to us
Till life's close.

ROGET DE LISLE,
AND THE MARSEILLES HYMN.WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"And if?"
"Well, if you compose such a song, I'll say
yes."

"No other conditions!"

"I give you my word of honor."

"Ah! but I want your hand."

"You shall have it—if—"

"There it is—that if! Well, Therese, I accept the challenge."

"Remember, you must set all France to singing."

"Or to dancing."

"No—no—to singing. They dance too much already. They are too idle—so are you. This life of pleasure will spoil you. I propose an remedy. Perhaps it will bring you fame."

"And then—a wife."

"Yes, then a wife."

A charming blush tinged the cheek of fair Therese Longueville.

The maiden was passing the summer at her uncle's chateau in Strasburg. It was a fine old mansion not far from the cathedral—almost, if not quite grand enough for a king—so was Monsieur de Longueville. He, with his crimson dressing-gown, embroidered so richly with gold-thread, that it dazzled one, walked with a lordly air through the spacious saloons, and treated his niece as if she were an empress. He had no special admiration for Roger de Lisle; but his niece Therese had. Perhaps she more than admired the noble young officer of engineers.

"Therese,"monsieur her uncle would say, "you are to marry nothing else than a count." And she, looking roughly up from under those long lashes, would only murmur, "Yes, dear uncle"—but whether that yes was negative or affirmative, nobody but she knew.

How lovely she looked! the young maiden of seventeen! She stood in so girlish, so natural a position! for there was no coquetry in her nature. The brilliant colors from the stained window near by, braided a sunny wreath of richest dyes for the fair head. Her dress, a simple morning costume of some delicate cambric, needed no ornament farther than that afforded by one or two snowy blossoms tucked in her girdle. There was altogether so ethereal an air about this charming young French girl—her eyes were so lustrous, so spiritual—her form so delicately undulating that one dreaded lest the fair vision should dissolve. The young officer who stood opposite in Napoleonic attitude, arms folded—a smile on his moustached lips—followed her every movement with dreamy eyes. He was a handsome fellow despite a complexion somewhat swarthy. A tint of bronze illuminated his gray eyes—he was the deep, magnetic glances of a poet.

Very beautiful in its surroundings was the room in which they stood. Real (vines the vases that contained them being ingeniously hidden) twined about the pillars, and frescoed the wall with their natural tracery. Golden grapes clustered over rich tapestry hangings. The floor was covered with gilded matting—the furniture in its exquisite symmetry and rareness of design defied description. All was gorgeous, voluptuous—but refined elegance.

Looking up, Therese met the worshipful glance of the young man's eyes.

"Come," she said, blushing again, "what are you thinking of? Why not write your song?"

"I had rather look at you than write a dozen songs," he replied.

"I am afraid I have mistaken you," said Therese, with assumed displeasure; "you must be a lazy fellow."

"What will you give me if I prove that I am not?"

"No more than I have already given, a promise," she replied.

There was another moment of silence.

"I hope you are composing," she said, some minutes afterward, still feeling that his eyes were fastened on her face.

"I am," he answered, "how can I help it with such an inspiration before me—hark!"

"It is my uncle," cried Therese, impatiently. "I don't think he likes you—pray hurry into the study, and if you feel in the mood, write your song, or at least begin it. You will find pens and paper."

"Why not you accompany me there?"

"Because I fancy he wishes to see me," re-

piled Therese; "are you not going? if he should meet you! There's a good fellow!" she added caressingly, as he slowly moved toward the recess, separated the curtains of satin, and disappeared.

"Niece Therese, niece Therese. Oh! there you are, pigeon. I've been all over the house for you—don't draw that chair—I'll do it myself. There! now I am comfortable. Thank you; a cushion at one's feet is admirably convenient. Well, niece, I have great news for you—great news indeed for you, niece Therese!"

The girl had moved a hassock with her foot, till it rested near the old man's knee, and so she sat down leaning against him in a filial manner quite bewitching. She saw with the eyes of love—those eyes that look forth from every part of the soul—a dark face peering between curtains, and though half provoked, a brief smile flitted over her face.

"Perhaps I shall not think it good news, uncle," she began.

"Ah! but you will, you will, my pet—my grand duchess that is to be—you will. Every young girl has her dreams of ambition—you have yours, no doubt. They will soon be realized, my niece."

"Dreams of ambition," murmured Therese, "oh! yes, I have dreams of very great, of soaring ambition."

"But I have a fate in reserve for you that will eclipse your most dazzling visions, my pet. What do you think? perhaps it will take your breath away to hear it, as it did mine, nearly. Listen—the Duke de Volney has proposed for your hand; for the hand of my charming niece—he, with the blood of kings in his veins, and the greatest fortune in the empire."

A very rare honor, sire," said Therese, "meekly. At that moment sounded a noise as if something had been violently thrown down near by. Monsieur started and turned towards the curtains.

"I leave my books but carelessly, dear uncle," said Therese, with all the coolness imaginable; "they fall sometimes. How old may the Duke be?" she continued.

"I have heard," began Monsieur de Longueville; "however, one does not know what to believe—a tribe of years matters little to a man like the Duke," said her uncle, fidgeting a little on his seat.

"Oh! no, dear uncle—I wouldn't positively marry a man unless he was—say eight or ten years my senior," she replied, coquettishly.

"And suppose he was more."

"Well, as you say, a trifle more would not matter, provided he is tolerably handsome, you know."

"Beauty, my dear," began her uncle, gravely, "do I not hear whistling? Positive the air seems filled with mysterious sounds."

"Uncle the window is open, and I placed an eolian there this morning. Shall I remove it?"

"Oh! no, my dear, no—only it seems to me you have made an improvement on the instrument; it is very much louder than usual. But as I was saying, beauty is of but little consequence in the sterner sex. A handsome man! he is my destination. If I were hand-some I would drown myself."

Presently there was a tap at the door. De Lisle started, frowned, and cried out "Enter," Jean, his valet, came towards the table with letters.

"You could marry him, eh?"

"Oh! no, uncle—that is—I was going to say—I would think of it."

"Come—now—that is good. Why I am an ugly fellow, my niece," said the old man, evidently pleased, however, at the inferred compliment. "The Duke, also, though not particularly handsome—is—well—they say—"

"Perhaps he has an expressive countenance," said Therese, coming to his aid.

"Ah! you have hit it exactly; he has a very expressive countenance. Did I hear a laugh, or I should say, a chuckle?"

"You are sure I did not, dear uncle."

"It may have been one of the servants.

Well, my niece, I am to be authorized to lay the Duke's proposal before you in due form if he does not come in person. Ah! my child—a coronet would become this fair brow—think of the jewels, the equipage—the magnificent establishment—the country house in summer—the thousand and one pleasures which his fortune will enable you to command. Already I see my little girl presented—already I behold her the companion of queens—the admired, envied, worshipped darling of a court. Ah! it is almost too much for me; it will be all an old man. To think my unpretending little niece should be asked in marriage by a Duke. I certainly heard that noise again, and it sounded amazingly like a human whistle!" the old man frowned.

"I will remove the eolian," said Therese, flushing, discomposed, yet laughing, too. And she arose.

"No, no, niece; I'm going now—good morning, pigeon, I must take my bath. If you want anything, my niece, if you are going to drive or shop, remember I am your banker, and promise to redeem all your drafts."

Monsieur de Longueville disappeared.

"Bah!" said a deep voice, "and bah again, and bah twice over!"

It was De Lisle walking hurriedly from the study.

"Hush! hush! my uncle will hear you!" said Therese, nevertheless laughing.

"Let him, the old fool! ten thousand pardons, Therese, but to think! the Duke wants two years of eighty, lame, deaf, blind, cross, horrid, and—"

"Oh, Roger, is it really so?" cried Therese,aghast.

"What! you wanted it different, then?" cried the handsome young engineer. "You would, perhaps, marry the Duke, provided he was young, agreeable, and rich; oh, woman, woman!" and the sickly hue of jealousy overspread his countenance.

"Nonsense!" Therese laughed, her lip curling a little; "don't you see I had hoped to have some pleasure in refusing this great nobleman—but how can one triumph over such a poor old man?"

"It is my uncle," cried Therese, impatiently. "I don't think he likes you—pray hurry into the study, and if you feel in the mood, write your song, or at least begin it. You will find pens and paper."

"Why not you accompany me there?"

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plied Therese, "are you not going? if he should meet you! There's a good fellow!" she added caressingly, as he slowly moved toward the recess, separated the curtains of satin, and disappeared.

"For me!" Her clear, silvery, mocking laugh rang through the room. "Do you know what my name signifies? Do you not recollect that my grandfather died on the scaffold, because he would not compromise his word?"

"True, true; forgive me, I am impetuous; but I love you so well; that must be my only excuse. Yes, Therese, I go to write the song that is to bring me the handsomest, the best, the most charming woman in France!"

Thus consoling her, they moved together towards home.

fore with your studies, perhaps—your authorship."

"Not at all, my Emily; I shall work with more cheerfulness for having you under my roof. You will occupy your own apartments where you must accept my company sometimes, during the long evenings; and if I should ever marry, then my wife will have a friend such as I could never find for her. Only trust me, Emily; believe that I can make you happy."

Thus consoling her, they moved together towards home.

H.

Meantime, Therese Longueville had heard nothing from Roger de Lisle for two days; it seemed two ages. What it meant she could not even guess. He had never absent himself so long a time. "If he were sick," she reasoned, "he would surely contrive to let me understand it. Can he have shut himself up, determined to finish the song—the great song that is to set all France to singing? If so, I confess I have not understood him, but caught sight of an angel of beauty, who he supposes is his wife. Pretty trick of his, isn't it? Always expected some such thing of De Lisle; romantic fellow!"

Therese listened, cold and hot by turns. Her heart felt like marble. She was certain, then and there, she had made a discovery—that the young, ardent, handsome officer of engineers, Roger de Lisle, held sway over her heart—and he alone. The gentleman by her side noticing her increasing paleness, offered her his arm.

"I—I—Candles! midday!"

"Yes, but you are frightened, child—what have I said or done to frighten you? Do you not understand? I wish to compose. Oh, Emily, you at least will never desert your unfortunate brother—now go; I will rest for a moment."

He threw himself face downward on a couch, smothering a sigh as he did so.

"There must be something wrong," said Emily, as she turned, with pallid face, to obey his orders.

Soon Jean brought the four candles into the study. He was no more curious than he had ever been. Impassive as a block of marble, he made an excellent valet. Roger entered.

"Shut the blinds and pull the curtains down," was the next order.

"It was done.

Now bring me my rifle—place it against the table. That is well. Is there a flag in the house, Jean?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring it here."

The man obeyed, unfurled it, and hung it over against the window.

"Jean, I hear you drumming sometimes."

"Yes, sir," said the man, bashfully.

"You are a good drummer, Jean, and you will favor me if you practice this afternoon. Let it be in your own apartment."

The man withdrew, grinning delightedly. If he had a weakness, it was drummatics.

All was again silent. The banner of France hung noiseless; the rifle stood harmlessly where it had been placed. Up and down the darkened room strode Roger de Lisle, an unexpected fire in his eye, his soul struggling to defy his mistress and thrill the world.

Presently he seated himself. The roll of countless vehicles afar off, sounded like the continuous thunder of distant artillery; and muffled by the intervening space, Jean's spirit-ed execution suggested the march of an army. The flag, to his excited imagination, shook its blood red folds to the shout of victory; the rifle seemed an impersonation of war. The hot enthusiasm glowing in his soul radiated outwards, and encircled him with a halo finer than the surrounding atmosphere. It glowed with a pale, lambent light, in which his face looked inspired.

The first pulse in the heart of a new birth had begun with a martial beat—

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!"

On he wrote, with fiery eye and laboring breath, until, springing to his feet, and clasping his hands, he cried out with a shout—

"I have done it! Thanks to you, Therese, false as fair—thanks to the genius of my country, my song shall rouse the world!"

The banner, its folds now shaken by an invading breeze, seemed to respond; the rifle gleamed unwontedly, and at that moment Jean gave one loud, triumphant flourish, as he concentrated all his energies in a final and famous tattoo.

Unwontedly excited, yet glowing with his狂热, Roger de Lisle gathered up the wet manuscripts, and emerged once more into the light of day. He called his sister, requested her to bring some ruled paper.

"I am going to compose," he said, "and wish you to write the harmony."

"But you are exhausted; will you not rest?" he asked, anxiously.

"Not yet; I shall rest when my work is done," he said, hurriedly, as he sat down to the instrument and struck chord after chord.

"I have it—so! Mark that!" he cried, every few moments; and in an almost inaudible brief time, the song was finished.

Roger de Lisle had written in every note the untying record of his fame.

At six came De Thalig, an unbeliever, in ten minutes he was converted.

"It is sublime!" he cried, enraptured.

"What fine! what spirit! what pathos, too; shall I not throw into this immortal composition? It thrills my blood to read it. What will it not do when I see around me the assembled beauty and glory of Strasburg. Quick, we must copy. It is not difficult—the orchestra can play it at sight."

That evening Therese was at the opera. She had returned at an early hour. Her maid not only related her interview with De Lisle

"A KEERFUL SHEPHERD."—Mormonism is still in practical operation amongst us. A few days since a tall, raw-boned Saint, with a complexion very strongly resembling that of bellied tripe, arrived here from Pittsburgh with a couple of wives, not deeming his flock too small to start Salt Lakeward with, held forth as follows to an admiring audience, at a house over the canal, with a view to the completeness of his domestic felicity. His text was:

"Men is Sheeves and Women is Plenty."

"Brother and Sister—pickicker the Sis-tern! I want to say a few words to you about Mormonism—not for my own sake, but for yours, for men is sheeves and women is plenty."

"Mormonism is built on that high, old principle which says that it aint good for man to be alone, and a mighty sight worse for a woman. Therefore, if a man feels good with a little company, a good deal of it ought to make him feel an awful sight better."

The first principle of Mormonism is, that women aint a good thing, and the second principle is that you can't have too much of a good thing. Woman is tenderer than man, and is necessary to smooth down the roughness of his character, and as man has a good many rough points in his nature, he oughtn't to give one woman too much to do, but set each one to work smoothing some particular point of his nature.

"Don't think I'm ever anxious for you to jine us for I aint. I'm not speakin' for my good, but for yours, for men is sheeves and women is plenty."

"I said woman was tenderer than man, but you needn't feel stuck up about it, for so she ought to be; she was made so a purpose. But how was she made so? Where did she git it from? Why, she was created out of the side-bone of a man, and the side-bone of a man is like the side-bone of a turkey—the tenderest part of him. Therefore, as a woman has three side-bones, and a man only one, of course she is three times as tender as a man is, and is in duty bound to repay that tenderness of which she robbed him. And how did she rob him of his side-bone? Why, exactly as she robs his pockets now-a-days of his loose change—she took advantage of him when he was asleep."

"But as woman is more tender than man, so is man more forgivener than woman, therefore I won't say anything more about the side-bone, or the small change, but invite you all to jine my train, for I'm a big shepherd out our way, and fare sumptuously every day on purple and fine linen."

"When I first landed on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, I wasn't rich in weemeen, I had but one poor old yo, but men is sheeves and women is plenty, and like a keerful shepherd I begin to increase my flock. Weemeen heard of us and of our lovin' ways, and they kept a pourin' in. They come from the North, and they come from the South, they come from the East, and they come from the West, they come from Europe, they come from Ashby, and a few of 'em from Afrikay, and from bein' the miserable owner of one old yo, I become the joyful shepherd of a mighty flock, with a right smart sprinklin' of lambs, friskier and fatter than anybody else's, and I've still got room for a few more."

"As I said before, I'm not talkin' pickicker for my benefit, but for yours—for men is sheeves and women is plenty. Still, I'd be leetle rather you'd go along with me than not, pickicker you fat one with the calkier sun-bummet. Don't hesitate, but take the chance while you can git it, and I'll make you the bess-yo of the flock. I'll lead you through green pastures and the high grass; show you where you may eaper in the sunshine, and lay down in pleasant places; and, as you are in pretty good condition already, in course of time you shall be the fattest of the flock Jine in; jine in; jine my train; jine it now: men is sheeves and women is plenty."

The appeal was irresistible. At the last account the fat woman with the calkier sun-bummet had "jined in," and two or three others were on the fence, with a decided leaning toward the "Keerful Shepherd."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

SIMULACRUM DEVELOPMENT BY MEANS OF A DREAM.—Some time early in December last, a family residing in this country, had a child, of some five years of age, who died, and on the next day was buried in a neighboring graveyard.—On the night succeeding the sepulture of this child, its mother had a dream in regard to her lost little one, that weighed so heavily on her mind, that she would take no excuse or be put off, but the grave must be examined to see if the child's remains were still there. She had dreamed of seeing her child taken from the grave, and, although her husband went and looked at the grave, and told her it looked unchanged from the time they had left it, still she insisted on a further examination; and, finally, to satisfy his wife, and without any faith in the reality of the dream, the husband, in company with several neighbors, went to the graveyard, opened the grave, and then the little coffin; and, judge of their surprise, all was there except the mortal remains of the child.—It was gone.

We cannot consent to be considered as believers in dreams, yet there is something in this instance that will stagger the faith of the most incredulous, and give them reason to doubt whether all the visions we see when asleep are merely phantoms or not. This is to us, a most singular case, and we know it to be true.—*Indiana True American.*

ELOPEMENT AND REMORSE.—A few days ago, one of our city officials, tired of the domestic restraints thrown around him by an exacting wife, resolved upon eloping with a young lady with whom he had been for a very long time desperately smitten. He secretly packed his trunks, and conveyed them to the depot of the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, and the young lady aforsore performed a similar operation, and away they went on the wings of love toward St. Louis. By and by, however, that worm which gnaws into the very soul of guilt, seized upon him, and remorse followed. He wished himself back by his deserted fireside a thousand times. By the time he had reached —, a little station, a few miles this side of St. Louis, he was almost frenzied. He had not the moral courage to reveal his feelings to the guilty partner of his flight, and meeting a deputy Sheriff of this county, he begged him to extricate him from his predicament. His friend, the deputy, acceded to this reasonable demand, and when the abounding husband had seated himself in the car, he walked up to him, and reading a bogus warrant, arrested him, and took him out of the car just as it was moving off, leaving the damsel to pursue her journey alone.—*Chicago Herald.*

A CONTINUOUS RAILROAD FROM MAINE TO LOUISIANA.—A despatch from Chattanooga says that the gap in the Mississippi Railroad was finished on Saturday, the 25th ult., and the connection through to New Orleans and Philadelphia by this route will be about eighty hours. By the completion of this link, there is now a continuous railroad from Bangor, Me., to New Orleans, except four short ferries at Hudson River, the Susquehanna, the Potowmack, and James rivers. The east chain of railways is composed of eighteen independent roads, costing, in the aggregate, for 2,341 miles of road, \$2,384,084, or nearly one-tenth of the whole railway system of the United States, of which 1,996 miles are used in this continu-

uation.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef cattle during the past week amounted to 1,300 head. The ruling figure were \$8 to 10¢ per head to prime, and as high as 10¢ were paid for a few choice lots. Sheep—16,000 head arrived, and sold at 4 to 5¢, gross, equal to 9¢ to 10¢ dressed.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1,160 head were at market, and sold at \$5 to \$7 to \$9 per head, according to quality.

TANAMI.—A Cincinnati paper relates a case of matrimonial desperation which occurred a few days since in that city. A respectable gentleman of sixty years married a young French woman, separated from her after a few months' life, married an English woman, and ill-treated her into a divorce, and finally espoused a buxom German damsel, with whom he was living very happily, when his first wife, the French woman destroyed his peace and quiet by a prosecution for trigamy! The journalist says "what then?" to this venerable Don Giovanni, when one would naturally suppose, had arrived at that time of life when the blood waits upon the judgment, to induce the women of three nations to fall victims to his charms, we are unable to determine."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been very quiet this week, there being little or no export demand for either, but with a continuance of the speculative inquiry for Flour, previously noticed, on Western account, bidders are firmer in their views, and prices of good straight superfine, which are scarce, are rather better. The week's sales reach about 10,000 bbls in lots, at \$5.50 to \$6.50 for superfine, \$5.75 to \$6.60 for common and choice extra, and \$6.12 to \$6.25 for family, including some fine middlings at \$4 to \$5 bbl, closing, however, quiet but firm at these rates. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent at from \$5.50 to \$5.75 for common mixed to choice superfine, \$5.75 to \$6.50 for extras and extra family, and \$6.12 to \$6.25 for fancy middlings, in quality. Bye flour is not inquired for, and is quoted at \$4.25, and Pennsylvania Corn Meal at \$3.75 to \$4.25, there being little or none of either selling.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat continue light, and under a moderate demand for milling, prices are 16¢ to 22¢ better; sales include about 12,000 bus, in lots, at 13¢ to 15¢, mostly at 13¢ to 13¢ for prime and, 14¢ to 15¢ for white, the latter for choice, which is very scarce. Rye is also better, and all the Pennsylvania offered sold at 9¢. Corn comes forward slowly, but the demand for shipment has fallen off, and only about 10,000 bus yellow found buyers in small lots at 7¢ to 7.75¢, in store, there is now a good deal of the middle dressed and unpeeled, 12,000 bus sold at 4¢ to 4.25¢ for Pennsylvania, mostly at the former rate, and 4¢ to 4.25¢ for Delaware. Barley is better; sales are reported at 8¢ for New York State, and some choice lots on private terms. Barley Malt has been sold at 9¢ to 9.25¢.

PROVISIONS.—The receipts of the hog product, generally, are moderate for the season, and the market firms under advices from the West, but buyers come forward slowly, owing to the high views of holders, and some 700 bus pork have been taken, part at \$18 to \$18.25, and part on terms kept private. Dressed hogs are scarce and selling at 7¢ to 7.75¢, including some country cured at irregular prices. Lard is firm, and selling to a fair extent at 10¢ for old, and 11¢ to 11.25¢ for new Western in bbls and tcs. Kegs are quoted at 11¢ to 12¢, with small sales. Butter continues dull and unsettled, selling ranging at 10¢ to 12¢, and roll at 14¢ to 16¢, without much doing. Cheese is unchanged. Eggs are unsettled and much lower, selling at 23¢ down to 17¢ to 18¢ dozen during the week.

COTTON.—The foreign market has had a tendency to depress, the market for this staple, and there has been very little done this week, in the way of sales, which comprise some 800 bales, in lots at steady rates, ranging at 11 to 12¢ to 13¢ for Uplands and Guatmas, cash and time, mostly of the former description.

BARK.—There is very little Quercitron offering, and about 40 bbls 1st No I have been picked up at \$28 to \$29 for fine 1st No, which is wanted. Nothin' doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX meets with a steady demand at 3¢ to 3.25¢, the receipts are light.

COAL.—There is very little movement in the market, and no change to note in prices, orders coming in slowly, and most entirely from the South; the demand, too, is moderate for the season, and the receipts light.

COFFEE is firm, with a very reduced stock to operate in, and only some 600 bags have been disposed of, in lots, at 11¢ to 12¢ to 13¢, on the usual terms.

COPPER is firmly held, but the demand continues limited; some further sales of American Metal are reported at 20¢ to 25¢.

FEATHERS are selling in a small way at 48¢ to 50¢ to 52¢ for good Western.

FEATHER is quiet, but steady, at 6¢ to 6.25¢ for Dried Apples, and 9¢ to 10¢ for Peaches, as the green trees. Apples are scarce and high. Cranberries sell at 15¢ to 16¢ to 17¢ to 18¢.

HEMP.—The Hemp is mostly all in the hands of manufacturers, and we have no sales of either foreign or domestic.

HIDES are held firmly, but buyers come forward slowly, and there is very little movement in the market. There have been no further arrivals this week.

HOPS are unchanged, and a small business doing in Eastern and Western at 12¢ to 13¢ as in quality.

IRON.—There is some little inquiry for future delivery, and the market for Pig Metal at the close is rather firm, with sales of about 1,000 tons. Anathema to notice, mostly at \$20 to \$21, including 600 tons No 2 at \$22, some No 3 at \$21, and 400 tons Forges at \$24, being sold at Pittsburg.

METAL is held all along a line of banks, and the market is mostly all in the hands of manufacturers, and we have no sales of either foreign or domestic.

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IRON.—There is some little inquiry for future delivery

"not go," cried Therese, sinking tremulously upon the nearest seat. "Wait—I countermand the order; I had forgotten, the Duke expects to accompany me. Oh! what shall I do?" She bowed her head upon her hands, forgetful of her maid's presence, unwilling of her sympathetic face.

"Ma'melle has still four hours," ventured the latter, not well knowing what to say.

"Four hours; that is some time; you may go, Frances;" she looked at her watch, seized a pen still marked with the ink which De Lisle had used. She wrote many notes, and destroyed them, but finally contented herself with a short but comprehensive sentence.

"Hour as Leslie—

"I have received no news from you, and a Longueville never breaks her word."

"Therese."

A servant was called.

"Take this directly to Monsieur de Lisle's room; see it placed in his hands."

The man had gone before she remembered what covered her with confusion.

De Lisle had been on a journey; he had brought back a lady—it might be his wife. Yet, if so, what meant his impassioned note to her?

Her maid came in again.

"Ma'melle—the Duke is below and wishes to see you."

"I cannot meet him, Frances; I am in a fever."

"I would suggest that ma'melle bathe her face and take a composing powder," said the girl.

"Tell the Duke I will be down presently," said Therese, and making a great effort, she prepared to enter a presence that had now become disagreeable to her. When she stood on the threshold the nobleman came towards her, led her respectfully to a lounge, and as they were seated he said,

"I come to obtain your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness?"

"Ma'melle, dear lady, I have deserved you." She withdrew from his side alarmed.

"I am not the Duke de Volney."

"Who then are you?" articulated Therese, started quite out of composure.

"His nephew, Marquis de Volney," was the reply. "Let me explain. My uncle wished to marry you—he saw your portrait in Marcelline at the house of your relative, and from that moment more than admired you. He sent to apprise your uncle of his love for you, adding that he would propose in person on a certain day. Very soon he was taken ill. I was in his confidence, having sustained the relation more of a child than a nephew—and he sent to negotiate matters in his stead. Your uncle took me to be the veritable Duke, and I, till I should see you, allowed him to indulge in his delusion. When we met, ma'melle, I saw that you, too, considered me your noble lover, and I had not the courage (must I add inclination) to undeceive you. The Duke, my uncle, confided in me, but to what purpose? Alas! I received a telegraphic dispatch yesterday. My venerable uncle died in the morning. He took to his bosom death instead of a bride—this old man of seventy-eight. Thus you see I now confess my culpability. You could not have loved him, ma'melle, it was rashness to think of it."

Therese sat quietly and listened after that—listened to the language of love. The Marquis wished to marry her; he was young, handsome, rich, titled. She held out no hope—would give a final decision on the morrow.

V.

The little note was placed in Roger de Lisle's hand just as De Thalg, his face all aglow, his precious music hugged to his breast, was preparing to leave.

De Lisle trembled as he glanced at it—his manner hurried the singer away. The note was read.

"What is it now, Roger? You look like an illumination," said his sister.

"Because I found a light here, which I have placed in my heart," replied De Lisle, tapping the little note. "Come," he added, evitably, "prepare for the opera. I have engaged a central box—you shall share in my glory."

"I cannot think what has happened to you," said Emily, with a mild, sweet sereneness.

She was bending over a little box full of trinkets. Suddenly she paused, looked up quite frightened, lifted an envelope.

"Oh, Roger! I forgot this; it came in the morning, and your manner, when you returned discomposed me. What shall I do if it was important?"

De Lisle opened it; but fell a separate note. He picked it up—it was the explanatory message he had thought Therese received. The following words accompanied it:

"As your musical correspondent, I was rather astonished to receive the enclosed, and concluded that, in a fit of inspiration, you had mistaken my sex and location. I have been absent, and it has law with other letters till yesterday. Present my regards to the real Mademoiselle Therese."

"Truly, etc., etc."

"Was it very important?" asked Emily, nervous with apprehension.

"Not worth a thought, love; never mind it. Come, you have only a little time to prepare."

Amid the crowds of splendid beauty, none so innately lovely as Therese Longueville. On one side sat her uncle; on the other, the Marquis de Volney. Therese's seat was nearly opposite that of De Lisle's—the curtain in the box of the latter was but half drawn—Emily was so young! so timid!

Presently the Marquis said,

"A very fresh and delicate beauty. Do you take notice of the young lady opposite, in blue?"

Therese raised her opera glass—not because it was needed, but it was fashionable. She turned pale, for the "fresh, delicate beauty" sat by the side of Roger de Lisle.

"It is true, then," she thought, her heart sinking; "Roger de Lisle is a desirer."

As she spoke thus, Emily's glance was intent upon her; and Roger was earnestly talking, in praise of the peerless Therese. She thought—"He mocks me—he laughs at me!" and held her head proudly.

At that moment burst an enlivening strain

from the orchestra. All wandering attention was fixed; beauty and valor alike sat spell-bound. There was a sound as of the tapping of exquisite fans and the beat of delicate feet, following the vibrations of the instruments.

Then came that glory of Frenchmen—*"La Marseillaise!"*

As with united impulse, the whole theatre arose. Loud roar of applause followed. Cheeks were flushed that seldom changed color. Many bosoms throbbed with wonder, exultation and enthusiasm. It was electric. A thousand pulses throbbed as one. As was remarked—France vibrated in every chord. Long call for author and composer succeeded.

Behold both in one!

Roger de Lisle advanced, pale, of statuesque beauty, with glances cast down. Emily, breathless, trembled in almost a delirium of love and rapture. Therese glows with a noble pride, in which jealousy is forgotten.

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"I cannot think what has happened to you," said Emily, with a mild, sweet sereneness.

She was bending over a little box full of trinkets. Suddenly she paused, looked up quite frightened, lifted an envelope.

"Oh, Roger! I forgot this; it came in the morning, and your manner, when you returned discomposed me. What shall I do if it was important?"

De Lisle opened it; but fell a separate note. He picked it up—it was the explanatory message he had thought Therese received. The following words accompanied it:

"As your musical correspondent, I was rather astonished to receive the enclosed, and concluded that, in a fit of inspiration, you had mistaken my sex and location. I have been absent, and it has law with other letters till yesterday. Present my regards to the real Mademoiselle Therese."

"Truly, etc., etc."

"Was it very important?" asked Emily, nervous with apprehension.

"Not worth a thought, love; never mind it. Come, you have only a little time to prepare."

Amid the crowds of splendid beauty, none so innately lovely as Therese Longueville. On one side sat her uncle; on the other, the Marquis de Volney. Therese's seat was nearly opposite that of De Lisle's—the curtain in the box of the latter was but half drawn—Emily was so young! so timid!

Presently the Marquis said,

"A very fresh and delicate beauty. Do you take notice of the young lady opposite, in blue?"

Therese raised her opera glass—not because it was needed, but it was fashionable. She turned pale, for the "fresh, delicate beauty" sat by the side of Roger de Lisle.

"It is true, then," she thought, her heart sinking; "Roger de Lisle is a desirer."

As she spoke thus, Emily's glance was intent upon her; and Roger was earnestly talking, in praise of the peerless Therese. She thought—"He mocks me—he laughs at me!" and held her head proudly.

At that moment burst an enlivening strain

from the orchestra. All wandering attention was fixed; beauty and valor alike sat spell-bound. There was a sound as of the tapping of exquisite fans and the beat of delicate feet, following the vibrations of the instruments.

Then came that glory of Frenchmen—*"La Marseillaise!"*

As with united impulse, the whole theatre arose. Loud roar of applause followed. Cheeks were flushed that seldom changed color. Many bosoms throbbed with wonder, exultation and enthusiasm. It was electric. A thousand pulses throbbed as one. As was remarked—France vibrated in every chord. Long call for author and composer succeeded.

Behold both in one!

Roger de Lisle advanced, pale, of statuesque beauty, with glances cast down. Emily, breathless, trembled in almost a delirium of love and rapture. Therese glows with a noble pride, in which jealousy is forgotten.

A servant was called.

"Take this directly to Monsieur de Lisle's room; see it placed in his hands."

The man had gone before she remembered what covered her with confusion.

De Lisle had been on a journey; he had brought back a lady—it might be his wife. Yet, if so, what meant his impassioned note to her?

Her maid came in again.

"Ma'melle—the Duke is below and wishes to see you."

"Therese."

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Wit and Humor.

COMIC CHRONOLOGY.

A TABLE SHOWING THE ANTIQUITY OF JOKES.

B. C. 999. The Sphinx invents the riddle—"When's a door not a door?" Upwards of ten thousand lives are lost through inability to give the answer—"When it is ajar."

B. C. 900. Archimedes asks Solon, "Where was the first nail hit?" Whereunto Solon shows his wisdom by replying, "On the head."

B. C. 878. Nero, on the point of setting fire to Rome, observes that he intends to "throw a light upon his subjects."

B. C. 850. At a supper party given at the house of Aristoepus, the first attempts are made to pun on "tongue" and "trifle."

B. C. 800. Socrates, while taking his usual "constitutional," is accosted by a wag who asks him, "Pray what makes more noise than a pig under a gate?" Socrates spends upwards of ten minutes in reflection, and then replies he doesn't know, unless it be his wife Xantippe.

B. C. 799. The joke of "Who stole the donkey?" is introduced by Hector, on observing that Achilles has come out in a white helmet.

B. C. 777. Quintus Curtius, preparing to plunge into the chasm, remarks, that though it looks like a good opening for a young man, he has very little doubt that he'll be taken in and done for.

B. C. 690. Xantippe, meeting Socrates, at an evening party, astonishes the sage by inquiring, in a whisper, "Has your mother sold her mangle?"

B. C. 681. Julius Caesar invents the celebrated riddle, "What smells most in a doctor's shop?" To which Scipio Africanus makes reply, "I know!"

B. C. 656. Epaminondas is accosted by a small boy in the Forum, who asks him, "Why a miller wears a white hat?" Epaminondas being nonplussed is compelled to give it up; whereat the small boy grins and says, "It's 'cos he wants to keep his head warm."

B. C. 568. At a Civil Service Examination for the government of Athens, Euclid first propounds the problem, "If a herring and a half can be bought for three halfpence, how many can be purchased for eleven pence?" Nineteen candidates are plucked through incapacity to solve it.

B. C. 500. The comic observation that "Here we are again!" is introduced by Caesar's ghost at the meeting at Philippopolis.

B. C. 456. Romulus, inventor of the riddle, asketh Remus, "Where was Moses when the candle went out?" Remus makes reply that he was in his skin, and adds that when Moses jumped out, he (Romulus) might jump in.

B. C. 444. At the wedding of Thucydides with Helen of Troy, the conundrum is first asked, "Why do all go to bed?" Eleven of the dozen bridesmaids scoff into hysterics, on being told that, "It's because the bed won't come to us!"

THE PAINTER AND THE CENSOR.—George Mortland was in the habit of meeting at a tavern, where he spent his evenings, a very discreet, respectable man, turned of fifty at least. This personage had frequently assumed the office of censor general to the company, and his manners, added to a very correct demeanor, induced them to submit with a tolerably obedient grace. George used now and then, however, to "kick," as he said, and then the old gentleman was always too hard-mouthed for him. This inequality at length produced an open rupture between the two, and one night the painter, finding the voice of the company rather against him, rose up to a seemingly dreadful passion, and appearing as if nearly choked with rage, muttered out at last that he knew what would hang the old rascal, notwithstanding all his care about morality. This assertion, uttered with so much vehemence, very much surprised the company, and somewhat staggered the old man, who called upon George sternly to know what he dared to say against him. The painter answered him with a repetition of the offensive words—"I know what would hang him!" After a violent altercation it was agreed upon all hands, and at the particular request of the old gentleman, that the painter should declare the worst. With great apparent reluctance George at length got up, and, addressing the company, said—"I have declared twice that I knew what would hang Mr. ——; and now, gentlemen, since I am called upon before all, I'll expose it!" He then very deliberately drew from his pocket a piece of stout cord, and handing it across the table, desired the old gentleman to try the experiment, and if it failed, he would be content to be doomed a liar by the whole company. The joke was more than the old man was prepared for, and the company for the first time laughed right heartily at his expense.

THE THREAT AND NO THREAT.—A frolicsome youth who had been riding out, on approaching Morton College, which he had never before visited, alighted, and, saw no master, put his horse into a field thereto belonging. Word was immediately sent to him that he had no right to put his horse there, as he did not himself belong to the college. The youth, however, took no notice of the warning, and the master of the college sent his man to him, bidding him say if he continued his horse there, he would cut off his tail.

"Say you so?" said the wag; "go tell your master if he cuts off my horse's tail, I will cut off his ears."

The servant returning, told his master what he said. Whereupon he was sent back to bring the person to him; who approaching, the master said—

"How now, sir—what mean you by the menace you send me?"

"Sir," said the other, "I threatened you not, for I only said if you cut off my horse's tail I would cut off his ears."

"Doctor, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rash of blood to my head?" "Oh, it is nothing but an effort of nature. Nature, you know, abhors a vacuum."

THE JUDGE NONPLUSSED.

In the village of W—— lived a man who had been judge of the county, and was known by the name of Judge L——. He kept a store and a saw mill, and was always sure to have the best of a bargain on his side, by which means he had gained an ample competency, and some did not hesitate to call him the "biggest rascal in the world." He was very conceited withal, and used to delight to brag of his business capacity when any one was near to listen. One rainy day, as quite a number were seated around the stove in the store, he began as usual to tell of his great bargains, and at last wound up with the expression, "Nobody has ever cheated me, nor they can't neither."

"Judge," said an old man of the company, "I've cheated you more'n you ever did me."

"How so?" said the Judge.

"If you'll promise you won't go to law about it, nor do nothing, I'll tell, or else I won't; you are too much of a law character for me."

"Let's hear! let's hear!" cried half a dozen voices at once.

"I'll promise," said the Judge, "and treat into the bargain, if you have."

"Well, do you remember that wagon you robbed me out of?"

"I never robbed you out of any wagon," exclaimed the Judge. "I only got the best of a bargain."

"Well, I made up my mind to have it back, and—"

"You never did!" interrupted the cule Judge.

"Well, you see, Judge, I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well, that log I stole off your pile, down by your mill the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next day I drew it back home, and sold it to you the next day, and so I kept on until you bought your own log of me twenty-seven times!"

"That's a lie," exclaimed the infuriated Judge, running to his books, and examining his log accounts; "you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."

"I know it," said the vendor in logs. "By drawing it back and forth the end wore off, and as it wore, I kept cutting the end off until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen shorter than it was the first time I brought it, and when it got so short I drew it home again and worked it up into shingles, and then I concluded that I had got my wagon back—and stowed away in my pocket-book."

The examination of the Judge was drawn out in the shouts of the bystanders, and the log-drawer found the door without the promised treat. And to see a madman, you have only to ask the Judge if he was ever shaved.

IRON COMPETITION.—A jolly set of Irishmen, soon companions and sworn brothers, had made up their minds to leave the "old soil" and wend their way to "Ameriky." They were five in number, two Paddies, one Murphy, one Dennis, and one Teague. It so happened that the vessel they were to go in could only take four of them. At length honest Teague exclaimed, "Arrah! I have it. We'll cast lots to see who shall remain." But one of the Paddies objected, saying it was not "jointed" to do that thing. "You know, Teague," said he, "that I am an orthopaedist and I can work it out by the rule of subtraction, which is a great deal better. But you must all agree to hide by the figures." All having pledged themselves to do so, Pat proceeded—"Well, then, take Paddy from Paddy you can't, but take Dennis from Murphy, and Teague remains. By my soul, Teague, my jewel, and it's you that can't go."

HOW HE GOT KILLED.—It is not necessary for a politician to be absolutely standard for vice. Congressional honor may occasionally be achieved by a reputation for comparatively trifling defects, or even a lack of accomplishments. We remember a well-known Congressman, equally celebrated for his *fastidious* and his *talent*, who, after being considerably used up on several games of billiards, was roundly told that "he might be a smart man, but one thing was certain, he hadn't been sent to Congress for his playing." "That's what you're all wrong," he responded, in a cool drawl, "It was just what elected me, and nothing else!" "Losing at billiards!" "Ye es. I always lost every game everybody wanted to play with me, and I let 'em! That made me popular. Take Dennis from Murphy, and Teague remains. By my soul, Teague, my jewel, and it's you that can't go."

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ISSUES ON STOCK.—Well kept stock, housed in clean, well littered, white-washed stables, are rarely, unless they take them from other cattle, troubled with vermin—but pulverized copperas and sulphur, in the proportion of one teaspoonful of copperas and two of sulphur, with a little salt—mixed in half a bushel of meal, given twice a week for three weeks, to 100 head of cattle or hogs, is said to be a complete remedy.

DOCTOR, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE CAUSE OF THIS FREQUENT RASH OF BLOOD TO MY HEAD?" "OH, IT IS NOTHING BUT AN EFFORT OF NATURE. NATURE, YOU KNOW, ABHORS A VACUUM."

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ENLISTING.

MILITARY FRIEND.—"Why, look here, my dear boy, it seems to me you are precisely the man we want—with your beard, and your general martial appearance, you would look quite terrific in our uniform. You would, indeed—quite terrific."

STABLE MANAGEMENT.

The proper means to be adopted for the purification of the stable, will be having a mode of ingress for the pure air, about two yards distant in the walls of the stable, near the foundation, and a similar channel for egress at the opposite wall, above the horses' heads, as high as possible. The holes over the heads may be nine inches square, and those on a level with the ground at the opposite wall not more than four inches. The working of such machinery can be easily discovered, by placing a feather or lighted candle at the openings near the ground, when either will be blown inwards, proving an inward current of atmosphere or pure air; while a similar trial at the holes near the ceiling will show an outward stream of the lighter poisonous gases. The man must be either very obtuse in intellect, or very reckless of his own interest and his servants' comfort, that after consideration of these facts will neglect the remedy within reach of the poorest or most niggardly. Ignorant grooms will frequently stop the ventilators with hay, more particularly in winter, either not knowing, or not caring, that ventilation is as requisite at one season as another, and that if accustomed to a healthful current of air, the most tender horse will never take injury from it. In building stables, I should never have them lofted, preferring straw and hay houses on the ground-floor attached. I would also recommend brick floors, with the barest incline in stalls that will suffice for cleanliness, as sloping stalls are to the poor animals places of purgatorial torment, only temporarily alleviated by their absence at work or elsewhere. A horse resting in the natural state when standing, will face down an incline; and many in the plenitude of their wisdom expect to give repose, by tying him in a contrary direction to that which nature dictates. Pipes sunk for conducting the urine to a liquid manure receptacle will be found to materially enhance the dryness, cleanliness, and comfort of stables, and to save for the farmer a valuable addition for agricultural purposes. I object *in toto* to tying horses' heads in stalls; the animals are thereby debared volition, and must place themselves, in what should be their hours of ease, not as they wish, but as their master or custodian. Dung or litter should never be allowed to accumulate for a moment, but should be removed to the dung-heaps, which should never be within smelling distance of a stable. Any one desirous of seeing proper stable system carried out, had better pay a visit to Mr. Murray's, Broughton Mews, Manchester, and if not improved and enlightened I am much mistaken. The more room a horse has, the less liable will he be to diseased legs and stable accidents. Though stalls may indifferently accommodate moderate horses, I should say boxes were indispensable for valuable ones. I recommend crushed oats in preference to corn *au naturel*; but for hard work it should not be given without beans. A thermometer should always be a stable adjunct, and the temperature regulated accordingly. The system of bedding down horses in the day time is wrong. The mechanism of the foot is peculiar for delicacy of structure, surrounded by a flexible sheath in a horny case, whose efficiency is consequent upon its flexibility, or power of assimilating its form to the delicate parts it was formed to shield and sympathize with, by elasticity relieving pressure; when in a natural state, and in constant contact with the soil, damped by rain or moistened by dew, every thing seems calculated to promote flexibility. In the stable the contrary is the case; constantly buried in straw, they cannot throw off that which is at all times being generated in them. They dry, harden, lose flexibility, and so far from performing the part nature intended, they press upon the delicate and sensitive parts beneath, generating "grogginess." This evil is easy of amendment; let the horse stand on the bare floor of his stable during the daytime, with his feet stuffed with cow-dung. The litter should be placed anywhere rather than in his stall, for the generation of ammonia from the urine with which the litter may be impregnated is productive of serious mischief to the eyes. A judicious amount of warmth is very desirable in a stable, and which is quite consistent with thorough ventilation; but over clothing is a very ignorant and injurious custom. So far from inducing health, vigor, and development of muscle, the practice has an opposite tendency, rendering the animal more sensitive of any transition of temperature in this variable climate. Let less clothes, and more "allow grease," be the rule of your stable.—*The Horse and his Master.*

HEAVY OATS.—That a bushel of heavy oats are worth more than a bushel of light oats, all admit; and it is equally certain, though perhaps not quite so apparent, that weight for weight, the heavy oats are the most valuable. It has been found by experiment, that a bushel of oats weighing forty-two lbs. yields twenty-five pounds of meal; one weighing forty lbs., twenty-three and one-fourth lbs.; thirty-eight lbs., twenty-one and three-fourths lbs.; thirty-four lbs., eighteen and three-fourths lbs.; and a bushel weighing only thirty lbs., yielding only sixteen lbs. of meal. In other words, one hundred lbs. of oats will weigh forty-two lbs. per bushel, will give sixty lbs. of oat meal; while one hundred lbs. of oats weighing only thirty lbs. per bushel, afford only fifty-three lbs. of meal. It will be seen that two bushels of the heavy oats are worth as much as three bushels of the light oats.—*Genesee Farmer.*

TREATMENT OF RINGBONE.—In the Country Gentleman of January 12, you say "there is no cure for confirmed ringbone." A few years since, one of my horses was badly ringboned upon both hind-feet, and very lame. A friend, upon seeing his lameness, remarked that he could give me a remedy that would surely cure the lameness, but not remove the bunched. I tried it as directed, and a permanent cure of the lameness was effected within a month. I was requested to keep it a secret, and I will say nothing about it, but let the Country Gentleman do the talking.

RECIPE: ½ pint spirits turpentine.
1 ounce oil of orangeam.
1 ounce oil amber.
1 ounce oil of spike.
½ an ounce aqua fortis.

Mix in a bottle, and apply daily (Sundays excepted) with a swab.—*Correspondent of the Country Gentleman.*

FALL FEEDING MEADOWS.—Every farmer knows how disagreeable it is to have the grass left in tall bunches on his meadow land when cattle are turned in, in the fall of the year. This is occasioned in part by the droppings of the cattle, both of the present year and the one preceding, and partly by the presence of anything inducing a rank nutritious growth, always avoided by cattle. Where this has been experienced, it is well to turn a variety of animals in, if possible soon after having, that the grass may be consumed before it becomes high, and at frequent intervals through the fall. By this means one will often eat what another will not, and the early growth is always sweetest.

SPENT-TAN FOR POTATOES.—Experiments show a good result from the use of tan as a top-dressing or covering in planting the potato. Mr. Blumford reports to the Mark-Lane Express, that he raised in 1857, with the use of the usual quantity of manure in the drill, and spent-tan as a covering, the enormous crop of 675 bushels to the acre, without any disease. Such a crop as this, we have not raised here for a long period. Where tan yards are common, as in some places, this will be a cheap application, not for the potato alone, but for strawberry beds, young trees, &c., affording a light mulch and assisting the entrance of air, and preservation from drought.

TO MAKE HARD SOAP.—I send you the following recipe, which I wish the readers of your paper to have the benefit of, as it is considered the best of many: Take 6 lbs. of soda, 6 lbs. of fat, 3 lbs. of lime, and 4 gallons of water. Put the soda, lime and water in the boiler, and boil them. Then take it out in something to settle; then put the fat in the boiler and add the water (leaving the settling behind.) Boil about half-an-hour, or until it is thick. Then take it out to cool, when it is ready to cut as is desired.—*Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO CLEAN A DIRTY BOTTLE.—About half fill the bottle with pieces of filtering paper, and then put in a little coarse sand or fine gravel (about an ounce for a six ounce bottle), and just sufficient water to make the whole assume the consistency of paste, when shaken up for some time. Now introduce the cork or stopper, and shake it violently for some minutes, turning the bottle round so as to make sure that all parts have been exposed to the friction; then add water and rinse it out; and, in nine cases out of ten, the bottle will be quite clean.—*Photographic News Almanac.*

CURE FOR A PHLEB.—Having nearly lost a finger by one of these excoriating blis to which our flesh heir, I feel impelled by a sense of duty to proclaim the following remedy. After suffering so much with the one aforesaid, I knew the symptoms *too well* to be mistaken in regard to them, and after a day and night of torture rose at 2 o'clock, and administered the following.—Take a half gill of *strong vinegar*, dissolve in it a tablespoonful or more of salicatum—heat as hot as the flesh can bear—soak the felon as long as desirable—repeat the